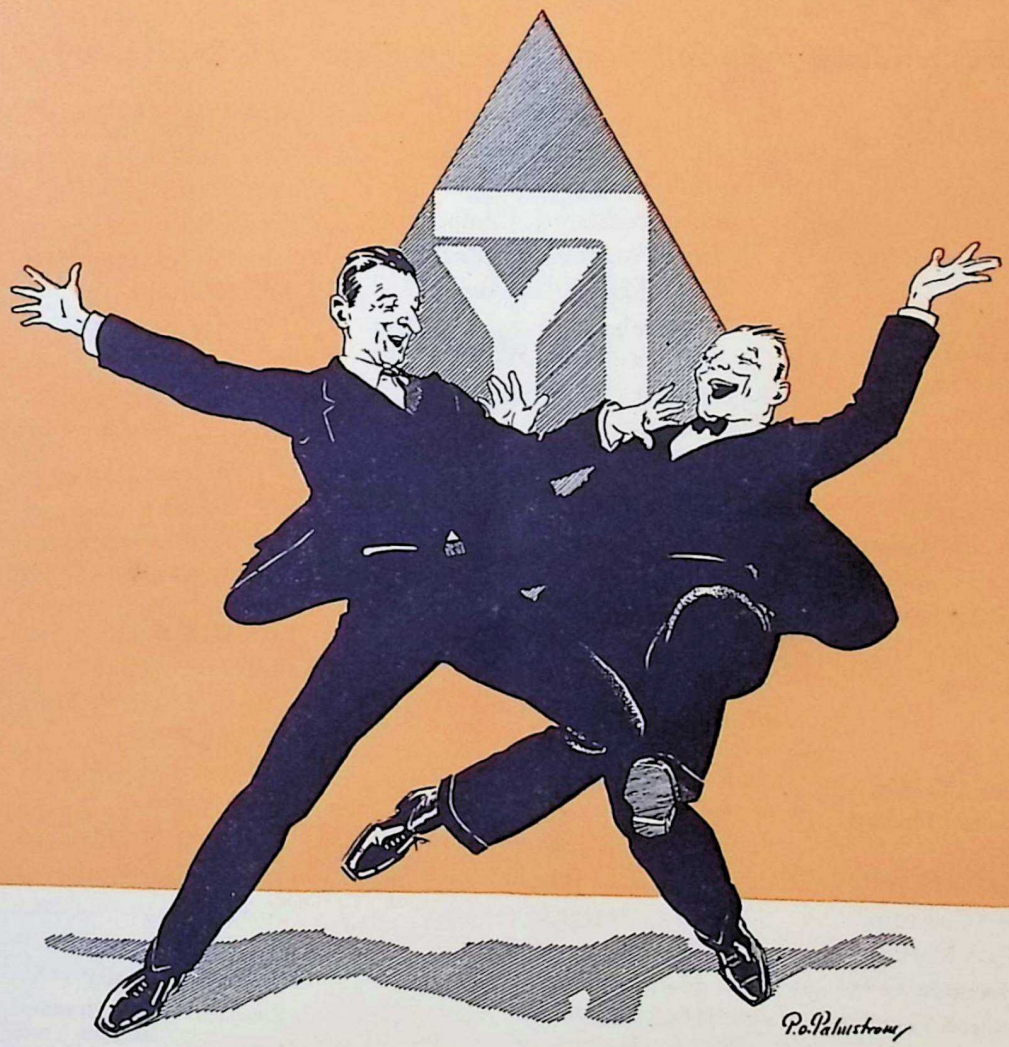
YANKEE DOINGS

1933

CONCORD · N · H · JUNE 16 · 17 · 18

CONVENTION NUMBER



VOL. XIV, No. 6

YANKEE DIVISION
VETERANS ASSOCIATION

JUNE, 1933

The Gallant War Record of the

Yankee Division

will always be remembered

Welcome to Concord

is extended by the following Business Firms and Individuals

The Marcy Store
H. B. Cleasby
Tonkin & Fraser
Shoe Store
Brown & Saltmarsh, Inc.
Stationers
Welcome to our City
The Best in Food
Ice Cream and Soda
Priscilla Garden
N. C. Nelson Co.
Jewelers
City Coal Company
Concord Public Market
D. J. Sweeney's Restaurant
Sullivan's Drug Store
St. Clair Candy Shop
William H. Avery
F. L. Kibbee
Superior Market
Metropolitan Coal Co.
Roberts' Handy Package
Drug Store
Eagle & Phenix Hotel Co.
Tenney Coal Company
Concord Cash Market
Putnam's Drug Store
A. H. Britton & Company
J. J. Newberry Co.
H. Diversi & Co.
Fruit, Flowers & Provisions
Colburn's Spanish Villa
Concord Electric Company
Hardy & McSwiney, Inc.
C. H. Martin Company
Lincoln's
Harry G. Emmons
Hubert Coal Company
Hall Brothers Company
Brown & Burpee
Thompson & Hoague
Cash Outlet
Miller's Apparel Shop
Concord Gas Company
Empire Apparel
George A. Place
Charles E. Tenney
J. W. Nelson
W. Carpenter
Gray's Garage
Governor John G. Winant
Concord Clearing House
Hon. George Cummings
Hon. Austin L. Calef
Hon. William M. Cole
Hon. Charles M. Dale
Hon. A. C. Alexander
W. L. Fickett
Boston Store
George Wilde
Pelissier's Luggage Store
Reliable Wiring Company
C. J. Morency
Sterling Cafe
Merrimack Farmers' Exchange
Crosby Buick-Chevrolet Co.
Nardini's
Brown, Inc.
J. C. Penny Co.
George W. Stuart Company
Jewelers
Brown's Garage
School St. Garage
Diversi Wholesale Fruit
William S. Dunn
Hancock Drug Store
E. R. Adams
General C. W. Howard
Brown & Batchelder
N. H. Acceptance Corporation
Allen Hollis
Frank P. Quimby
Pleasant Street Pharmacy

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

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INFORMATION

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

Two dollars of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

(M) signifies Member, Y.D.V.A.
(LM) signifies Life Member.
(HM) signifies Honorary Member.
(AM) signifies Associate Member.
(CH) signifies Official Chapter, Y.D.V.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION
Send all communications to the Editor

TO THE 26th

Boys, how we're proud of you!
All of the crowd of you,—
You and the glory you bring o'er the foam.
Once there were tears for you,
Now it's all cheers for you,—
Heroes who tread the glad pavements of home!

Only militia men,
Farmers and fishermen,
City boys once we watched going to school;
You gave the name to it,
Yours is the fame of it,—
You who from Framingham went on to Toul!

You proved the pick of it,
You knew the thick of it,—
Hardship and danger at morn, noon and night.
Shipped up in cattle cars,
Won you proud battle scars,—
Shell, gas or bay'net, your ration was "Fight!"

North, south, east, west of it,
Worst yet the best of it,—
Where there was scrapping, 'twas "Twenty-sixth, front!"

France is just dotted with
Towns that are clotted with
Glory you spilled when you'd Huns on the hunt.

Out from Hoboken you
Went with a token true,—
Battling traditions the "Fighting Ninth" gave;
When o'er the "Ladies' Road"
Sheas, Kellys, Bradys strode,
What should they be but grim, gallant and brave?

Quick did the Kaiser men
Learn they'd be wiser men
If they'd quit raiding,—as Seicheprey showed.
Paris a cinch appeared,—
When the last inch was neared,
There was the 26th blocking the road!

All over France in it,
Took you your chance in it,—
Sons, brothers, nephews, our nearest, our own;
Fighters the mightiest,
Warriors the knightliest,—
Proudly we Knights hail and welcome you home!

—B. J. GRIFFIN, P.G.K.
Santa Maria Council, No. 105

BETWEEN OURSELVES

What is going on? How are we to interpret the unprecedentedly rapid series of momentous events which have taken place in the short period of less than three months? What do they mean? What will their effect be upon you and me in the little personal sphere of our own lives? Are we in the very midst of a new form of revolution?—so different from that which we are accustomed to associate with the word that we do not even recognize it as such?

* * * *

One thing seems to stand out as reasonably certain. We are entering upon—or have already entered upon—a new era in the relationship between three factors: the individual, his government, the business world (in its broadest sense) from which he derives his livelihood. Whether the new equation will prove permanent, no one can say. Whether it will be found an improvement or otherwise, it is too early to judge. But a change is in process, call it revolution if you will.

* * * *

On this page in November of last year, two forms of self-government were defined: (1) "that in which man's every enterprise and endeavor is communal; government is all"; and (2) that in which "government is only the rules of the game." In theory we have always clung to the latter form. Yet we have seen government encroach upon—even monopolize—many fields of business, the while religiously refraining from even regulating the evident abuses in other fields. During all this, the third factor—the individual—had mighty little to say about it; he was lost in the shuffle, "the forgotten man."

* * * *

The "new deal," as nearly as can be judged from such short observation, consists of no radical change in the *form* of government. It neither takes over more fields of business nor relinquishes those it is engaged in. It is still democracy, not communism. Its primary function still is, as it ever has been, to formulate and enforce the "rules of the game." Where the big change is made—the revolution if you will—is in the stringency of the new "rules" it is formulating, and the severity with which it proposes to enforce them. Private enterprises, one of the cornerstones of liberty, are to continue: but no longer as combatants for merely their own self-preservation; no longer in the mortal strife of competition, of cutting prices, of cutting wages, of discharging or overworking help, of duplicating effort, of anything and everything so long as they survive. They are to submerge self-preservation to the common good—those are the new rules; or take the consequences—that is the new enforcement. We do not say this is what is going to happen, merely that this is what is being courageously attempted.

* * * *

By what means it is being sought to codify the "new rules," by what agency it is proposed to enforce them, are of relatively minor importance, but deserving of a moment's notice. On this page, in March of this year, in an editorial written before the inauguration of President Roosevelt, before anyone knew his plans or program, appeared the following: "First of all, the power to DO must be removed from the hands of many and placed in the hands of one." This has been done in far greater measure than any of us wildly anticipated. It was further stated: "Given the *power* to make [decisions] the WISDOM of counsel before making them is not far to seek." How do we find this borne out? By a coterie of advisers to whom government is a science, not a plum-tree; men to whom statecraft is that which surgery is to the surgeon, art to the artist; not a means to a personal end (although being human, distinction is not to be sneezed at), but a goal in itself, a life work, a profession. Here, then, in reverse order, are the agency of enforcement and the instrument of origin, of the "new rules."

* * * *

A glance at what some of them are. Regulation of trading in securities, "gambling with other people's money." Maintenance of government credit by making expense balance income. Most potent, and at the same time most hazardous of all, a proposal first to change, then to hold in equilibrium, the value of the $\frac{\text{money value}}{\text{commodity value}}$ ratio, by artificially varying both of its factors, the numerator by currency inflation, the denominator by controlled production, elimination of wasteful competition, minimum wage regulation, possibly regulation of working hours. Supervision of banking. Foreign agreements on debts, exchange rates, medium of currency, tariffs, disarmament.

* * * *

What the new rules ARE TO BE is a matter for experts. By whom they are to be written and by whom enforced matters little so long as the authors have wisdom, the enforcers courage and integrity. What does matter is this: will we all three—government, business, the individual—do our best to abide by them?

* * * *

Which brings us to the very essence of the "new deal," the spirit of co-operation, team play. Government has shown its willingness to play ball (God knows how long it will keep it up!); business is falling in line with a most remarkable cheerfulness; it is up to us—the third factor—we individuals. By working to have the team win, we will go places. By trying to boost our batting average when a bunt is called for, we can hit into a double play—lose the game.

* * * *

So far, the American people—God bless 'em!—are with the "new deal" to a finish. Let's keep that way.

ON TO CONCORD—DON'T MISS IT

The finishing touches have been applied to the wonderful program outlined in last month's DOINGS for the FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, in Concord, New Hampshire, on June 16, 17, 18.

In general everything stands just as it was related in the May number, and the rumbles we hear from the rocky coast of Maine to the shores of Long Island Sound are echoes of distant shouting as the YD cohorts are falling in their squads and platoons for the trek to the Granite State's capital city. So come along, by any of the means so actively depicted on last month's cover, or any other means of locomotion you can think of. Get to Concord on Friday afternoon, June 16, for three days of "something doing every minute," to find yourself in the midst of the Yankee Division's greatest reunion.

The reason all of the events were gone into in so much detail in last month's number was so you would get all the dope well in advance and have time to make your plans. Also, so that it wouldn't be necessary to repeat the whole story again here. The events on the program stand almost without a single change. In fact about the only change is in the torchlight parade. It has been decided to hold it along about the time, on Saturday night, that the outfit dinners are breaking up, instead of early Friday evening. So, with minor changes of a half hour here and there in starting times, here is the program:

FRIDAY, JUNE 16

All Day: Registration
2:00 P.M.: Business Session convenes, Auditorium, City Hall
9:00 P.M.: Grand Ball, State Armory

SATURDAY, JUNE 17

9:30 A.M.: Final Business Session and Election of Officers
1:15 P.M.: Start of great street Parade
3:30 P.M.: End of Parade. Drum Corps Competitions, at State Camp Ground
6:00 P.M.: Regimental & Battalion Reunions in Concord & Manchester
9:00 P.M.: Night Air Demonstration
11:30 P.M.: Torchlight "Horribles" Parade

SUNDAY, JUNE 18

Morning: Busses leave for optional trips to lakes or mountains
10:30 A.M.: Open Air non-sectarian Memorial Service
2:00 P.M.: Special Drum Corps Competition for "all-YD" Corps
3:30 P.M.: Baseball Game

Memorial Service

In addition to the change in holding the night parade on Saturday instead of Friday, you will notice that two events have been added. One of these is a Memorial Service on Sunday morning. If the weather is fair, this will be held out-of-doors, probably on the grounds of the State Capitol; if it is rainy, in the auditorium which is just across the street. At this service it is hoped to have brief addresses by Catholic, Protestant and Jewish clergymen, in memory of the Division's dead. It promises to be the one solemn feature of the Convention, and will doubtless linger in the minds of those who attend as long and as pleasantly as the gayer events which precede and follow it.

Baseball Game

To top off the special all-YD Drum and Bugle Corps Competition on Sunday afternoon on the State Camp Grounds, a ball game is in the process of being arranged—as this goes to press. Whether it will be between the YD Post, A.L. of Boston and one of the other all-YD Posts, or whether it will be between the YD Post, A. L. of Boston and the YD Club of Boston, is not dead certain. But there is certain to be a game unless it pours great guns, and one of the teams is sure to be the YD Post (Boston), as BILL RILEY (M), the genial Ajjie of the Post is the sponsor of the idea. At our age (and form) it ought to be GOOD.

Canes

It has been decided to give a cane as well as a badge with each registration. Bootleg cane peddlers will be kept out of town (if possible). And what is a convention without a cane—to swing, to intercept a passage through traffic, etc.

Free Beer!

In each book of registration tickets will be one entitling the holder to one free bottle of beer (now legal in New Hampshire), at any time he pleases during the Convention, at places designated. Also at these places will be plenty more, which he will have to pay for if he wants to drink it.

The Big Parade

Remember Portland? Well, all the color, martial music, side-line fun and horse-play, waving flags, etc., will be repeated this June in Concord. On account of the cash prizes offered in the Drum Corps contest to follow the parade, even more Drum Corps are sure to be in line. To participate in the contest a drum

corps or band must have been in the parade. Practically the entire New Hampshire National Guard will lead off, to give the spectacle a martial air. Our own old (pardon, "young") Gen. CHARLIE COLE (LM) has been asked to be Chief Marshal, and will undoubtedly have on his staff many of the best known YD officers and men. Guidons are being made, one for each regiment or other unit of the Division, to mark the points of assembly. However, any unit from a certain city may march as a unit. The parade route is shorter than in Portland, and it has been decided to fall out without continuing up to the Camp Grounds where the contests are immediately to be held. Transportation (it is not over a half-mile away) will be provided for those unable to make it on foot.

Drum Corps Contests

Your registration ticket entitles you to free entrance to both Saturday's open competition and Sunday's all-YD contest: spectacles of color, marching and music. Don't miss them. The field is being smoothed off and rolled into A-1 shape: the judges will be men trained in such work. The prizes, $1000.00 in all, are well worth competing for.

Outfit Reunions

Not much that can be said. All depends on last minute developments. The Convention Committee has done about everything humanly possible for your good time; but it cannot arrange 16 to 20 separate outfit dinners not having the slightest idea how many will be present from any one outfit, what they would want, what they would want to pay. It has asked, invited and pleaded with the regiments and battalions to organize. So, when you get there, round up a few of your own old outfit first thing on Friday, get some sort of notice posted, get the Convention Committee to assign you a place, and hold your rendezvous on Saturday night. The boys will show up if you only make sure they hear about it. The outfit dinners are not included in the registration book; each one can make its own arrangements.

Business Meetings

The official "Call" for the Convention is repeated elsewhere. Try to be present at both Friday afternoon and Saturday morning sessions, you who are members. This is your time and place to have your say in the running of your organization. BY TERMS OF THE CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS, THE VOTING PRIVILEGE IS RESTRICTED TO THOSE IN GOOD STANDING AT THE DATE OF THE CONVENTION, i.e., HOLDING MEMBERSHIP CARDS, EITHER AS MEMBERS-AT-LARGE IN THE Y.D.V.A. OR IN ONE OF ITS OFFICIAL CHAPTERS, BEARING THE EXPIRATION DATE "APRIL 1, 1934." If you have been remiss in your dues, there will be someone to take them in Concord and give you a temporary receipt which will be accepted in lieu of a card.

Other Information

Several other items of information concerning the Convention appear as separate articles in this number because of their importance. The main thing is "GET THERE!"

REGISTER!

Before this reaches you, you will have received application for registering for the Concord Convention. Have you sent yours in? By sending it by mail in advance, you save 50 cents.

But whether you register in advance by mail or wait until you arrive in Concord, the main point is BE SURE TO REGISTER. That is the only way you become officially a part of this great Reunion and Convention. The Registration Office will be in the Chamber of Commerce building on North Capitol Street; it will be adequately manned (or girled) so that you need suffer no delays. There you will get your registration envelope with all "the woiks" enclosed (except the cane, which would take a pretty big envelope). Badge, tickets to all the events except the outfit reunions, including the business meetings, the Grand Ball, the Saturday and Sunday Drum Corps Contests, Night Air Show, Memorial Service, and last but not least, a ticket for one free bottle of beer! So there's no need to urge you to register: all the above for $2.50—($2.00 before June 10)—plus a free copy of this number of DOINGS to those who do not receive it as members.

But even if such an array of value for the money leaves you unimpressed, REGISTER ANYHOW, as otherwise your good time is being provided for you by other loyal YD men who will have to foot the bills to give you a free good time. And we refuse to believe there is any bird of that nature in the old YD.

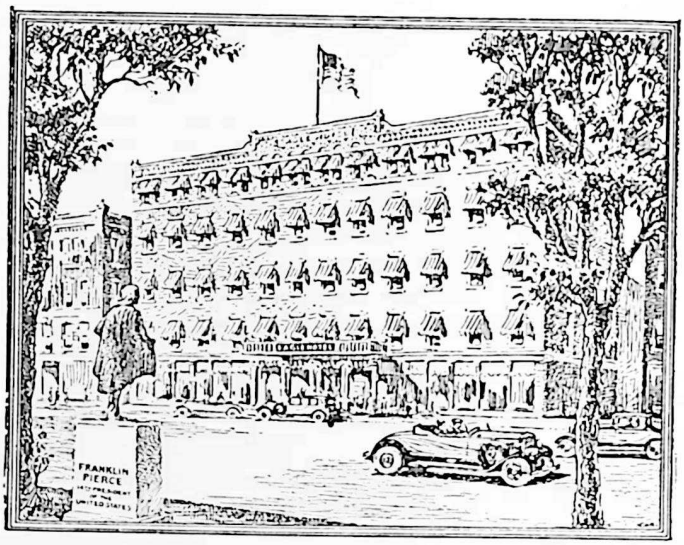
So, no matter whom you meet, nor how quick you want to get a-goin', take the few minutes it requires to register before you steam up. PLEASE!

CONVOY TO CONCORD CONVENTION LEAVING YD CLUB OF BOSTON

If you are going to attend the Concord Convention, and haven't made any plans for transportation, and if you live around Boston, or at some point where you will have to go through Boston, plan to assemble at the Boston YD Clubhouse, at 200 Huntington Avenue, at 9:30 on Friday morning, June 16. The motor convoy will start promptly at 10:00.

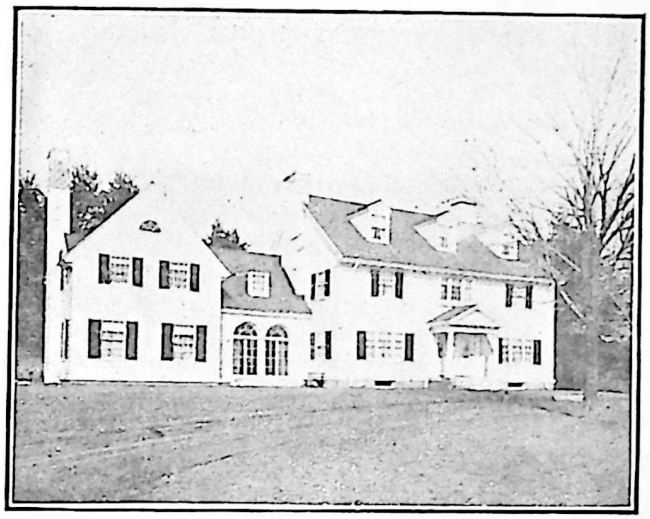
If you have a car with any spare room in it, we are sure you will be glad to take along some fellow who has no car. If you have no car, we feel safe in saying that if you are at the Clubhouse at 9:30, room in some one's car will be found for you.

If possible a direct mail notice of this convoy will be sent you.



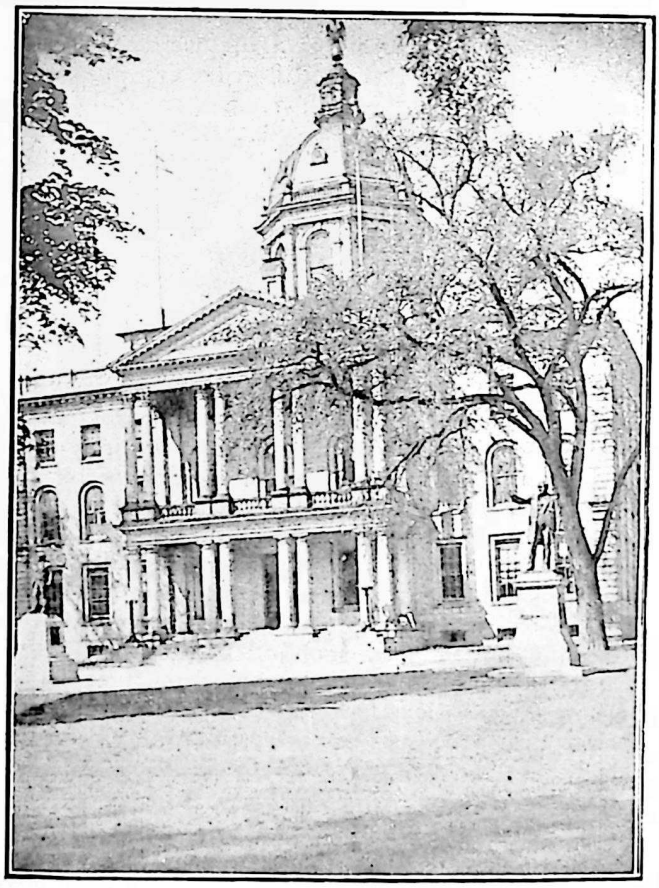
EAGLE HOTEL—CONCORD

The Hotel headquarters of the convention will be at the Eagle Hotel, Concord, immortalized by Winston Churchill's books.



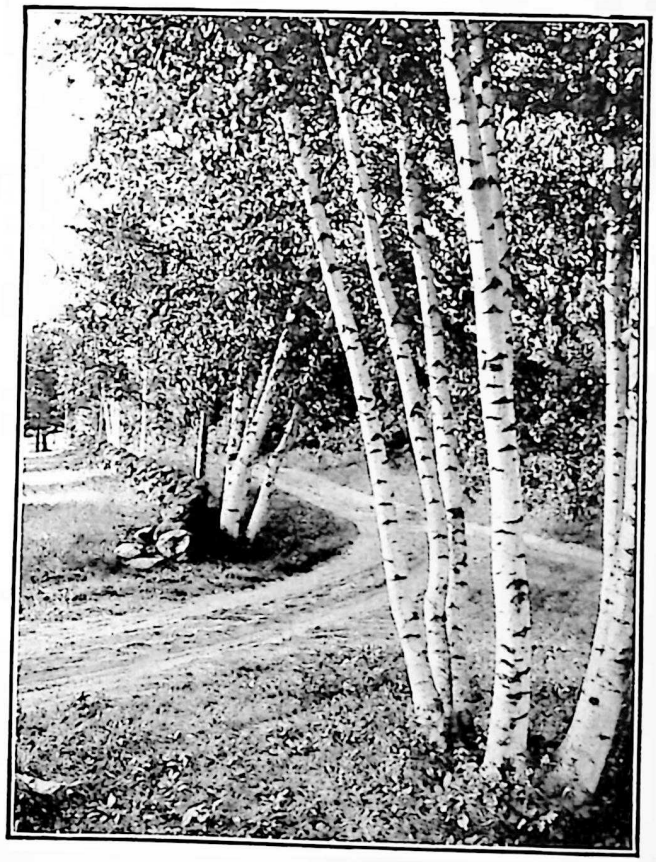
HOME OF GOVERNOR WINANT, CONCORD

Governor Winant is the honorary president of the YD Convention Corporation and one of the many Concord folks who are looking forward to the arrival of the veterans in the Capital City.



STATE CAPITOL

Here every two years meets the State Legislature, one of the largest law-making bodies in the world. The 1933 session of the Legislature was in session 22 weeks, the longest session for over 70 years.



A NEW HAMPSHIRE LANE

Down the country lane amid white birches. One of the familiar scenes which thrill visitors whether riding on horseback or in an automobile roaming about the several wood roads surrounding Concord.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, Y. D. V. A.

To All Whom It May Concern:

In accordance with Article VI, Section 3, of the Amended By-Laws of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, notice is hereby given that the Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Association will be held in the City Hall, Concord, New Hampshire, on Friday, June 16, 1933, at 2:00 P.M., at which time and place all regular business which can properly come before the legislative body of the Association will be considered.

The following proposed Amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws will be presented to the Convention for its action:

ARTICLE IX, Section 1, to be amended as follows:

By striking out the word "and" following the word "ex-officio" in the first sentence, and by an addition to the first sentence, so that the entire, amended section shall read (added part appears in capital letters):

"Section 1. Between National Conventions, the administrative power shall be vested in the National Executive Committee, which shall function through National Headquarters and shall be composed of the National Officers, ex-officio, three members at large, to be elected by the Annual Convention, AND THE PRESIDENT OF EACH CHAPTER OF THE ASSOCIATION WHICH HAS BEEN, OR SHALL BE, GRANTED OFFICIAL CREDENTIALS OF AFFILIATION AS PROVIDED FOR UNDER ARTICLE X. ANY CHAPTER PRESIDENT MAY, IN HIS DISCRETION, DESIGNATE IN WRITING A PERSONAL PROXY TO REPRESENT HIM ON THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. SUCH PROXIES SHALL HAVE THE SAME POWERS AND PRIVILEGES AS THE CHAPTER PRESIDENT WHOM THEY REPRESENT. The members of the National Executive Committee shall serve until the adjournment of the succeeding Annual Convention and thereafter until their successors are chosen."

By the addition of a new Article, following Article X, to be known as Article X-A.

ARTICLE X-A
STATE ORGANIZATION

Section 1. The National Vice President from each New England state shall be, ex-officio, Chairman of a State Headquarters Unit of the Association, which it shall be his duty to originate or maintain with such assistant officers and other personnel, appointed by him, as he deems necessary. The duties of the State Headquarters Unit shall be to foster and promote the welfare of the Association throughout the particular state, to promulgate the organization of local groups under the provisions of Article X, and to effect a closer relationship between National Headquarters and the chapters or individual members within the state.

Section 2. There shall be no "membership" as such, nor any dues, in any State organization, it being a purely administrative unit.

Each active member of the Association shall be entitled to one vote in the Annual Convention provided his dues for the year ending March 31, 1934, shall have been received by the National Treasurer prior to the meeting of this Convention.

—WILLIAM J. BROWN (LM)
President

PHILIP N. SANBORN (M)
Secretary

MEMBERSHIP CARDS

Bring your membership card. A membership card, even an expired one, is identification as a YD man, and may be accepted as such if you want to buy one of the beautiful new Twenty-Sixth Division Military Service Medals.

But a membership card of the current year, dated to April 1, 1934, will be required for entrance upon the floor of the business meeting.

NEW MEMBERSHIP

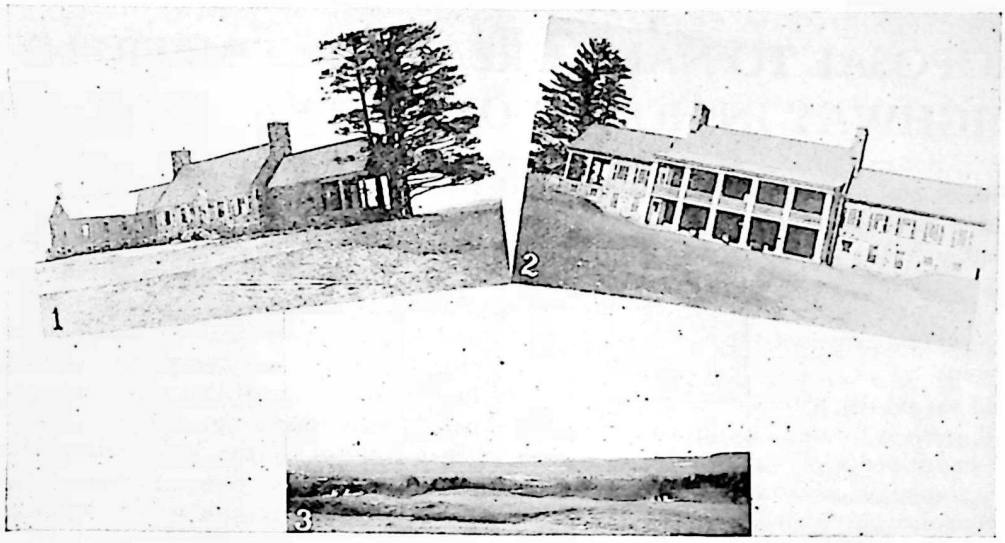
Every effort is going to be made to get non-members into the Y.D.V.A. in Concord. To this end a membership poster, which will greet your eyes at every turn in Concord, has been drawn by our eminent artist "POP" PALMSTROM (M). We aren't going to spoil it by describing it to you: it is simply a knock-out! Every man who registers will find in his registration envelope a smaller reproduction of this poster, together with a membership application blank. Those in good standing can merely pass it along to another. A membership desk is to be set up in Registration Headquarters where they will accept dues and issue temporary receipts. We rely on the help of the members. GET 'EM IN.

YD BERETS

If you have one of last year's berets from the Portland Convention, BRING IT AND WEAR IT.

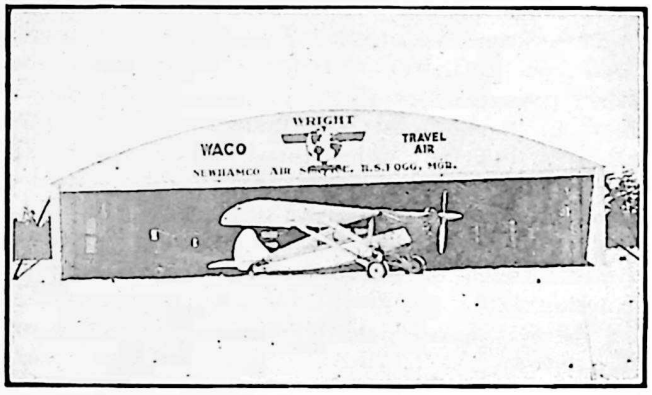
If you have not, if you didn't go to Portland, or have lost it or given it away, a limited supply will be on hand for sale in Concord. But there is no way of telling whether the supply will meet the demand.

It is still the official uniform of the Convention.



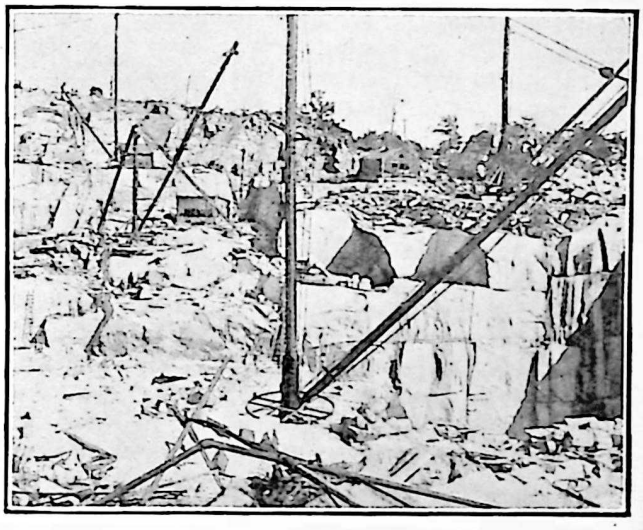
CONCORD COUNTRY CLUB

The verandas of the Country Club, overlooking the nine-hole course which is pronounced by professionals and amateurs alike as one of the best courses in New England.



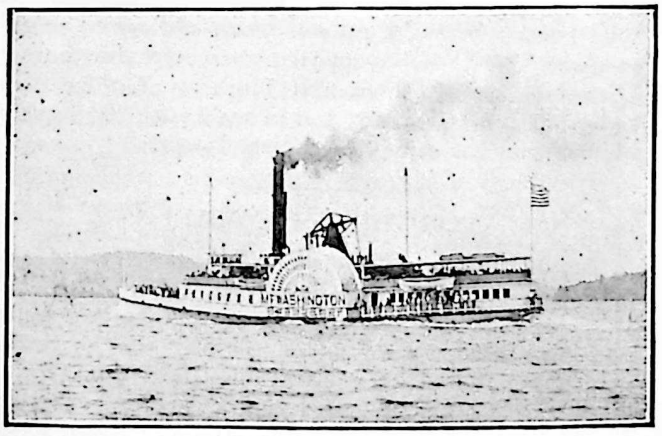
HANGAR AT CONCORD AIRPORT

The Concord Airport is just a little over a mile East of Concord. During the convention there will be planes flying about, and those desiring to see the state by air can do so. Special rates for those who register for the convention have been arranged.



A NEW HAMPSHIRE GRANITE QUARRY

New Hampshire is called the Granite State, and while you are attending the convention in Concord, you can visit one of the many quarries to see how this product is blasted and then shaped for building structures and monumental work.



STR. WASHINGTON

As a special feature on the Sunday program will be an excursion to Lake Winnepesaukee and a 60-mile ride on the Steamer Mount Washington. This excursion is included on your registration ticket if you desire to take advantage of it.

POINTS OF INTEREST

IN OR NEAR

CONCORD, N. H.

PROPOSAL TO NAME GREAT CIRCUMFERENTIAL HIGHWAY IN HONOR OF GENERAL EDWARDS

Probably many motorists, especially those who live around Greater Boston, or who have occasion to come to Boston frequently, are familiar with the plan, already partly executed, of encircling the entire Metropolitan area, at a radius of roughly ten to twelve miles from the actual centre of the city, with a great circuit highway.

Such a road has existed, after a fashion, for a number of years, known as Route 128, but it has consisted of a curious hodge-podge of state road, city streets, sharp corners and angles without number. To follow it from one terminal, in Salem, on the North Shore, to Hull on the South, especially after dark, would require an Indian guide with a flashlight to look out for the signs and turns.

All this is being changed, however, and now from Braintree, near the southern terminal, touching a corner of Quincy, passing through the very heart of the beautiful Blue Hills reservation, through Canton, Dedham, a bit of Westwood, and through Needham almost to the Newton line, extends as beautiful a stretch of wide, modern highway as can be found in Massachusetts. Eventually it will continue through the outskirts of Newton, into Waltham, Lexington, Woburn, Stoneham, Wakefield, Lynnfield, Peabody, to Salem. When completed, it will intersect every main radial trunk road leading out from Boston:—crossing the North Shore route, 1-A in Salem; the Atlantic Coast Highway, U. S. No. 1 (Newburyport Turnpike) in Lynnfield; No. 28, from Cape Cod to Lake Winnepesaukee in Stoneham; U. S. No. 3, the Daniel Webster Highway to the White Mountains between Lexington and Woburn; No. 2, the Mohawk Trail to the Berkshires and Albany, at Lexington; the old Worcester Road in Waltham; U. S. No. 20, the Yellowstone Trail, the longest road entering Boston (leading to Yellowstone Park), the Boston end of which is now the great new double roadway Worcester Pike, at a point near Newton Highlands; No. 137, to Milford and Woonsocket, in Westwood, within a stone's throw of General Edwards' old estate, "Doneroving"; No. 11, the old Providence road, in Dedham; U. S. No. 1 again, now heading south to New York, Washington, Florida, at a point in Dedham where the brand new Providence Pike comes in; No. 138 to Fall River and Newport, in Canton at the base of Great Blue Hill; No. 28 again, headed for Cape Cod; No. 3, the King's Highway to Plymouth and the Cape, in Braintree (or Weymouth); finally to cross No. 3-A, the beautiful Country Way along the South Shore, in Hingham.

In the section already completed, these main route junctions, such as the Worcester Pike and the new Providence Pike, are in the form of modern underpass and circular ramp construction, with the sloping banks, sodded and planted. All in all, it will be a monument to the road-builders of Massachusetts.

Several months ago the proposal was made to the Y.D.V.A. by Fred L. Jackson (M) (101st Inf.), and engineer with the Mass. Highway Department, that some steps be taken to have the state name this highway for General Edwards. The suggestion originated with a man employed in this same department, not a member of the Yankee Division, but a great admirer of General Edwards, was passed on to Jackson (M), and by him to the Y.D.V.A. No action was taken at that time.

Since then, however, the peculiar fitness of such a Memorial has become more and more evident. There seems to be an almost predestined parallel in symbolism. The highway encircles and encloses Greater Boston: From Boston the Yankee Division started for France, to Boston it returned. The Yankee Division represented New England; Boston is the Hub of New England; General Edwards was a citizen of all New England, rather than any one state. The men comprising the Division came from every remote corner of these New England states; the roads which cross this highway lead to all these distant points. General Edwards made his home here in his last years, not alone in Greater Boston, but at a point practically on the very line which this highway takes through Westwood.

A Resolution will be presented to the Convention at Concord, urging the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to name this Circumferential Highway, "The General Edwards Memorial Highway".

The resolution will further seek permission to place small markers along the course of the highway, at each point where the square, black-and-white metal marker "128" now appears, bearing the name: "General Edwards Memorial Highway;" these also to be in black-and-white, and in scale with the figures —placed on the same upright steel posts.

"ORCHIDS TO YOU"

Our Midsummer Number will contain the Concord Convention Honor Roll, the "Men Who Put It Across." It's a little early to do the honors right now, but we don't want 'em to think they're being forgotten. They're doing one wonderful job.

ADVERTISING

Give the advertisers in this issue a great, big hand, and any business you can throw their way. They deserve it of us.

HOW THE FRENCH FEEL

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

I greatly enjoyed reading in the March issue of YANKEE DOINGS "Corporal Punishment's" letter on "How the French Feel," until the last two lines when I saw that he had elected me an expert on this difficult subject.

I have lived and worked in France now for over twelve years, so that you can imagine that this whole question of how the French feel about us, and how we feel about the French, is one which I have studied a great deal, and yet on which I still feel incapable of giving any very clear answer. Living over here as I do, I suppose I am somewhat prejudiced in my point of view in favour of France, but I guess that is only human and natural.

Take this eternal question of the Debts. I happened to land in New York the very day the French Chamber of Deputies voted not to pay the December 15th instalment. I was greatly impressed by the wave of indignation against France which I encountered everywhere at home. This was quite natural, and I believe that most sensible Frenchmen, and even some of the politicians, realized what a mistake they were making. However, this vote did not really surprise me, for I had realized all through last Fall the political propaganda in this country which had been conducted against the resumption of these debt payments. French public opinion had been educated to the following train of argument, which may or may not be sound, but which the French people sincerely considered a justification for not paying up on December 15th.

1° The Germans started the War, lost it, and should be made to pay for the damage they caused.

2° The Germans had achieved a gradual reduction of reparations, which had finally culminated in the Young Plan, under which France received little more than what was necessary to pay the United States.

3° President Hoover, in asking for a moratorium on Interallied Debts in 1931, which he did without previously consulting the French, destroyed the Young Plan, and made it improbable that the Germans would ever pay any more reparations.

4° When Premier Laval visited President Hoover in December 1931, President Hoover is supposed to have said: "It's no use our discussing a readjustment of Interallied Debts until you Europeans fix up the Reparations problem, which is holding up the possibility of recovery in Europe." The French took this as an implication that if reparations were finally settled, the United States would be willing to rediscuss Interallied Debts.

5° Relying on this implied promise, and with the encouragement of Washington, the French definitively gave up reparations last June at Lausanne.

6° Considering that they had done their bit in the way of sacrifice, the French were indignant when President Hoover refused to permit a postponement of the December 15th debt instalment, until France and the United States had had an opportunity to rediscuss all Interallied Debts.

I don't say that the above is necessarily a fair interpretation of our policy between June 1931 and December 1932, but I think the important thing for us to remember is that this is what the French really think happened. However, I am glad to report that recently there has developed a very strong movement here in France in favour of paying up the December 15th instalment, and it is not impossible that something will have been done about it by the time this reaches you.

I have no blind delusions about the character of the French. They are nowhere near as generous, altruistic or sentimental as we are. We all know from our experience during the War how great a part thrift plays in their lives. This is largely a result of the narrow margin on which they have had to live for hundreds of years. Thrift is engrained in their character, and though it is not a very endearing quality, it has proved a great source of national strength.

I am afraid I have digressed from my original point, which was to try to tell you how the French feel about us at present. I think they feel much more kindly towards us than they did when we were riding on the crest of the wave. You must remember that when the franc was devalorized to 1/5 of its old value in 1924/26 the majority of Frenchmen found their fortunes reduced in just that proportion. As we were at that time climbing to the peak of our prosperity, it was inevitable that the French should regard us with a certain amount of envy, for every American appeared to be a millionaire. Now that we are all more or less in the same boat, the French feel that they can understand us better, and also that we can understand them.

Let me just give you a rather good example of what I mean. An American friend of mine, who has lived here for some time, has had a French chauffeur for several years. Last month when this chauffeur read that the American banks were all closed, he came to his employer and said: "I have all my life's savings in an account at the Crédit Lyonnais. They amount to Frs. 30,000. As I thought Monsieur might be in a fix, I have signed this Power of Attorney with which Monsieur can draw from my account all the money which Monsieur may need."

This incident may not strike you as particularly heroic, but I think you will admit that it must have been quite a strain on the chauffeur's good French sense of thrift.

I have written at too great length already, but finally I would like to file a protest against all the lying bunk I have recently read about France in some of our newspapers. I admit that France has an unfortunate trick of doing the right thing at the wrong time—especially when it comes to dealing with us; but she is not imperialistic or militaristic; she has been really worried about Germany for years, and recent events seem to justify her fears. Personally, I am thankful for the French Army, and so would all of you be if you lived over here. Even at that, it only numbers 370,000 men in France, and 220,000 in the Colonies, of whom 230,000 are boys doing one year's training.

—Bernard S. Carter (LM)
(103rd Inf.)

Paris,
5, April

THE BATTLE OF SEICHEPREY

Although the Seicheprey engagement took place during April, it seems as if this Convention Number of Doings was a suitable and fitting place to reprint a most excellent account of this, which, together with Apremont, were the first real tests of American troops in the World War. The story which follows was written by Daniel D. Bidwell, a former war correspondent, now associated with the *Hartford Daily Times*, and appeared in that paper on April 18 of this year.

Twice in previous years, Doings has devoted a special story to different phases of the Apremont engagement; but no detailed story has hitherto been published here of Seicheprey, the baptism of fire of the Yankee Division's other brigade.

By Daniel D. Bidwell

(*Reprinted by courtesy of the Hartford Daily Times*)

In the opening days of April 1918 the Yankee division, having left the Chemin des Dames, was moving northward from Toul up to a line defending the artery leading parallel to the famed Hindenburg line, on the other side of which high road were many of the best shock and storm men of the German army. By the tenth it was stationed along a front of four or more miles, its eastern extreme near the hamlet of Seicheprey and the sinister wood of Reimieres. Headquarters of General Edwards was behind Beaumont, and the 102nd infantry, mainly from northern Connecticut, and in its war strength fully 3,650 rank and file, was posted in front of, along, and in rear of the great ridge road, a leading route nationale of France. Over half a mile north of this artery lay the war-torn, wrecked tiny village of Seicheprey, soon to become famous all over France and in this state.

Always of the three battalions of the 102nd infantry, one was on advanced duty in and beyond Seicheprey. Another was partly in or near communication trenches stretching from the great military road to the village, but more it was behind the ridge and reaching off right and left on a parallel. The third was in and behind Beaumont, or near Mandres, in reserve.

Night of April 18

When the night had shut in on April 18, Major George Rau with the first battalion of the 102nd infantry began the work of relieving Major Thompson's third battalion, his men creeping along the supporting trenches north into the village and then to the bays and so out along the duck-boards to deployments and stations. Rau took his headquarters in what was once a house in the hamlet and by it installed his first aid men and his messengers and telephone and headquarters service. Soon after midnight most of his 800 or 875 men were in position and tension was less. And so the night wore along toward light.

The German Charge

At the first crash, Rau, born soldier and rising bravely to the emergency, encouraged his men at headquarters and sent commands to the nearest bays in the "draw" by the hamlet. But hardly had he begun when the assailants several kilometers away to the north were forming, and scarcely was he ready with his trench men in the combat formation of that time, when the Boche started, in several lines. One group came in frontal attack on the cemetery and another in like manner on Captain Griswold's men in Remieres wood and a third through mist and murk and battle smoke by a detour past the cemetery and in the "draw" to plunge in lateral thrust on the village. The attacks were almost perfectly synchronized and their delivery came almost simultaneously.

Capturing the cemetery the first party rested for a time. Behind it other Germans were mopping up captured trenches, among their prisoners being men from Bristol, New Britain and Hartford, one, the later Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Nolan, then a sergeant, and another the later Major Bennie Byrd, then a lieutenant, each of whom has told his experiences to a *Times* reporter and each of whom was fated to spend coming months in a German prison camp.

Captain Locke Killed

Out in the distant forward block were some men in combat formation who were able to evade or resist and by happy fortune of war escape capture. Far away in the extreme left, in the Nantois trench, was Lieutenant Charles Lockhart of New Haven with a few from a company in the relieved battalion who had by some chance remained and who eluded the Germans, possibly because of their extreme position. Lockhart is now the major commanding the Second company, Governor's Foot Guard. But in a nearer trench, the Sybil, was Captain Arthur F. Locke, previously head of the old-time Hartford City Guard, who when he was summoned by a German to surrender answered with his pistol and was shot down.

Rau Organized Defense

The force plunging through the haze in the "draw" and attacking Seicheprey from its west flank came on in widely spaced combat groups, men well deployed, and swooped down on the first aid station. It, too, scored initial success, but Rau had organized as rapidly as one might his motley at headquarters—the reserve, messengers, service men, mess men and the ruck—and by his great energy and heartening encouragement was able to stay the attack. Communication with the support on the ridge was shut off by the smashing of wires in the first ten minutes of the bombardment. Runners sent from either end became casualties almost as soon as they started.

Still Rau's work in staying the attack, as far as the lateral thrust figured, gave pause to the enemy and time for the organizing of reinforcements.

Back Behind the Ridge

By now the German commander saw that no chance came to him to carry the high road, if ever he had planned to take it. Rau's stiff and able work in Seicheprey all but precluded his hope to win by impetus. Dawn had come and its aid was to the Americans. If, as was later claimed, his attack was mainly to take prisoners and gain intimate knowledge of the units in detail, he had scored a point.

Germans Retired

Whatever the reason, after holding the outer trenches, the cemetery and the wood through the morning, in the early afternoon he began to withdraw and when night closed in was well on his way back where he belonged—if he belonged anywhere in Lorraine.

Long before this, old "Pete" Traub, commander of the brigade in which the regiment was a unit, was planning a counter attack. What was done, or rather what was not done, is none too clear. A major of the regular army was to arrange the formations and the advance. Little of this aftermath is alluded to in the account given by Captain Emerson G. Taylor, regimental adjutant, later colonel, and scarcely more by Frank Sibley, who also described the battle. There were long range shots and scattered fighting reaching beyond midnight and so into April 20, but no real counter advance was made.

One of the stories deals with Sergeant Thompson of Bristol, who was in a dugout in the forward system when a shell landed close by to cave in its walls and all but bury him and two mates. When the battle flow brought lads in olive drab instead of those in gray-green they began to dig to rescue the three, but four times shells intervened. Finally the sergeant and his comrades were released.

Another tale is a saga telling about a cook at headquarters pressed by Rau into the motley to stay the onrush of the detour column. Armed with but a pistol he grabbed a cleaver and did his share with both weapons.

Rau himself was among the wounded. A shell burst near him, a fragment denting his helmet, knocking him down and glancing to gash his hand. In spite of the pain, Rau led his men all through the day and towards its close in his attack which regained the walled cemetery. It was reserved for him to be killed in the fighting of July 23 near Chateau-Thierry. By a strange caprice of war's fortune he had been born a German in the German section of Lorraine not many leagues from the French section of that old-time province.

Petty Won Laurels

Another hero of the day was the chaplain, Captain Orville Petty of New Haven, now colonel commanding the 169th Infantry. In great peril he exposed himself beyond the call of duty and earned and finally received a citation, most richly deserved. Had his wish prevailed the counter attack would have been made.

A word might well be said about Rau's companies. A was headed by Captain William J. Shanahan of Waterbury and its men were mainly from that city and Hartford. First Lieutenant Swanson commanded B company, largely from Hartford, New Haven and New Britian. Captain Alfred H. Griswold had C company, made up of lads from Middletown, Bristol and New Haven, and Captain George G. Freeland led D company, mostly from Bristol and New Haven. Captain Daniel A. Strickland of New Haven was battalion adjutant and with Rau led in the recapturing of the walled cemetery late in the day. He was recently chaplain of the (new) 102nd Infantry, Connecticut National Guard. Captain Freeland was mortally wounded and died as a German prisoner.

American losses have been figured as 80 killed, 432 wounded and 132 taken prisoners, while the German losses are unknown, but are said to have been 600 to 750. They were among "strosstruppen," or the flower of the German army in the sector, and were probably

between a third and a half of the attacking force, which was probably much more than twice Rau's battalion. Nearly three-quarters of the American loss was in Rau's force. Figures are still in dispute. The regiment had about 3,550 or 3,600 rank and file. The 101st Machine Gun Battalion had men in the immediate vicinity.

Impromptu observance of the day was held by a number of the posts of the American Legion in Connecticut and in a number of patriotic high schools and grammar schools. The grave of Major Rau is in France near Chateau-Thierry and that of Captain Locke in Thiacourt. The memory of each of these gallant officers is well preserved in Rau-Locke post of the Legion and of Bristol lads in Seicheprey post in their home city.

THE PATH OF GLORY

By Michael J. Mooney (M)

A good many years have gone under Time's bridge since Memorial Day 1915. Yet the recollection in the memory of the writer and his comrades of the 2nd Regiment of March of the Foreign Legion who paid final tribute to Napoleon will always be recalled as this day approaches.

The Legion had acquired Napoleon Simon as their mascot while training at Lyons. Alan Seegar found him, one spring day, under the shade of a pine, poring over a book of Roman mythology full of pictures of the gods and heroes of that empire. The soldier-poet found the little 13-year-old boy interesting, and visited his grandfather with whom the boy lived. From him he learned the story, how on the death of his father and two brothers at the Battle of the Marne the boy had been sent to him.

Napoleon was the youngest son and seemed backward in his studies. Many a beautiful spring afternoon he had to stay after school, while his playmates, with shouts of laughter on their way home, would accentuate his lonely plight. There he would sit and vainly try to find the solution to problems in fractions, while he endeavored to restrain the tears that would at times drop on his clumsy fingers. En route home the boys would taunt him on his ignorance, call him dunce and ugly duckling. His mother would endeavor to lighten the punishment that awaited him on his father's return at night-fall, who could see no reason why his son should not be like his brothers.

"Poor Napoleon," his mother would say, as she sheltered him in the folds of her apron, much as a mother hen protects her young under her wings. "Little did I think when thy uncle suggested such a grand name, that you would turn out such a stupid wretch."

He was indeed a lonely little boy, one of a family of three boys and two girls. He never seemed to get ahead and he presented an odd contrast to his robust brothers with their red cheeks and dark hair. How did he come by those large brown eyes, sallow skin and fair, wire-like hair, which on Sundays required such vigorous brushing and water to keep it in place.

"Eh bien!" his father would say, when the children had retired to bed and he and his good wife sat in the light of the fire discussing the respective traits and merits of the children. "I fear we will have trouble with Napoleon, he has no heart for his work or studies. Neither the school master nor I can do anything with him. He is no use on the farm. It must have been that visit to Paris with his grandfather that turned his head. The great city with its splendor and romance must have filled his head with romance and glory."

And indeed that visit five years before, when taken by his grandfather to escape an epidemic of fever in the family, had been the one happy event to which Napoleon could look back. Never, in after years, would his father allow him to repeat that visit and never would the boy forget those months in the quaint stone house, in the Rue des Beaux Jours, situated on the "rive gauche" within the shadow of the dome of the Invalides, wherein the great man whose name he bore slept in his magnificent sarcophagus. Nor would he forget Grandmere Yvonne's kindly old face, with her silvery hair arranged in neat curls under her muslin cap, like a grand dame of the old regime, with her black silk dress and her black alpaca apron, which presented a quaint and stately appearance.

She was childless and many times entreated Napoleon's father to allow the boy with her, but the stubborn father held in contempt the city folks with their affectations and luxuries, and he obdurately refused.

It was in Paris that the boy would stroll down to the quays on the Seine and gaze on the books the second hand booksellers exhibited for sale in their stalls. And what delightful picture books the old bookseller near the Pont Neuf would let him look through. Here it was he bought the history of Napoleon's life, and hardly knowing how to spell he had revelled in the fortunes of his namesake and dreamt of battles and soldiers.

When he returned to his native village he tried to emulate his hero's mannerisms, even to wearing a cocked hat and gray overcoat, but the jeers of his brothers made him abandon the attempt. Yet he firmly believed that fate would beckon to him as it did to the lonely little Corsican boy a century before. He would be prepared, too, and would show the scoffers he could accomplish something more worthy than tending sheep and geese and weeding his father's

flower beds. Strengthened by these thoughts and encouraged and comforted by his mother's tenderness, he would begin anew his school tasks, with stimulated vim and new courage and astonish his school mates for many days, by perfect work without a reprimand from his teacher.

* * * *

At last the great day came,—the Germans were advancing on his village of Meaux en route to Paris. Soldiers were everywhere, and once more the music of the fife and drum rang through the ancient streets. The soldiers that interested Napoleon most were not his own Poilus with their blue coats and red trousers, but those of another country, the descendants of the very soldiers who defeated his hero at Waterloo.

How cheerful and quiet they were in their khaki uniforms, and they did not correspond to the savage red-coat soldiers who brought his namesake's career to such an ignoble end, just one hundred years ago. A great change had come over Napoleon since war was declared. The cob-webs seemed to have cleared from his brain and the delinquent scholar, who had spent so many fruitless hours over the intricacies of arithmetic and grammar, and shed many a bitter tear over his blotted lesson, had suddenly developed a startling facility in acquiring the English tongue from the British soldiers, some who were billeted on his father's farm.

Then the blow fell: his father and two brothers in Gen. Joffre's army, at the Battle of the Marne, were seriously wounded and his mother had departed to make bandages in a hospital. The civil population of Meaux were forced to evacuate their homes as the soldiers of Von Kluck marched on the city. Napoleon and his sisters were sent to a grandparent at Lyons and it was here he met the Yankee volunteers in the Legion. Four delightful weeks passed with his new-found friends, for whom he acted as messenger and interpreter, many who without his help were like so many deaf and dumb creatures.

Then one day orders came for the first unit of the Americans to leave for the front. He was to be left behind, as Sergt. Morale said he was too small. Great men had frequently been small. Was not the great Napoleon a small man? He would speak to Capt. Rosé under whose orders the company was to go—nobody knew where.

"Mon captain, je vous demande une faveur," said Napoleon, standing at attention at the railroad station at La Valbonne, where the troops were entraining. "Don't send me away. Let me go with you. I'll make myself useful." The genial captain smiled: "Impossible, petit ami, we have to obey orders, not our desires. Many of us have to stay behind."

The boy's eyes filled with tears, but he gulped them down manfully. The captain watched the little determined figure before him in a fatherly manner. "Right you are, laddie, I will try and have you come with the boys." Once more the sun shone for Napoleon and drove the gloomy thoughts out of his little head. He fell asleep with the sound of bugles and leaving troops—once more he dreamed of battles and glory.

Two days later they left the train and were transported in camions to the Allies' base at Barcay not far from his native town. An indication of trepidation that always follows a wave of excitement was present in the breasts of many despite all their joking and humor, which is the American soldier's weapon of defense in times of danger. A short lookout was kept for hostile Taubes and Zeppelins during the day, which was now drawing to a close. The beautiful Spring evening with its peaceful atmosphere fell like a veil over the earth and tried to conceal the fact that human beings were killing one another. Suddenly there was a whir, as of a thousand wings overhead, then a flash and an appalling crash.

For an instant, panic seized everyone, but the habit of discipline asserted itself immediately. The camions stopped and men stumbled in the darkness to ascertain the damage, in obedience to their officers' commands. By the shaded light of electric torches they saw they had had a miraculous escape from annihilation, as the bomb from the German plane dropped ten feet from the camion. The front wheels were shattered and the soldiers were thrown with the equipment in a confused heap; apparently beyond a few scratches no one was hurt. But wait—what was that still form in the corner? Why did it not make a movement? A soldier lifted it from a pile of luggage. "My God, what is it, man?" asked Capt. Rosé, in a hushed voice. "It's—it's—Napoleon, sir," said the hard-boiled Legionnaire chokingly, as the tears streamed down his tanned checks, and he laid the little fellow down reverently again. "And—he's dead."

* * * *

They bore him to rest in his native village. How different this homecoming was, when compared to his return from Paris five years before. How magnificently impressive was the military Mass celebrated for the repose of his soul, in the great cathedral of Meaux, with his American comrades in their uniforms acting as bearers and guards of honor; his uniform, brushed and folded, lay on the top of the casket with his pathetic little cap.

The crowd opened and the priest came through, behind him came his deacons and the soldier acolytes. Up the steps went the little procession and a solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated, while away in the distance the great guns rumbled and thundered. The Mass over, the little casket was carried carefully out so as not to disorder the pathetic little uniform. The cortege followed the procession to the cemetery. The famous Legion band played Chopin's march for the dead—thus was little Napoleon's path of glory. He was buried with all military honors, and many a tears-stained cheek thought how they had laughed at the little boy's droll ways. Three volleys were fired over the grave, taps was sounded, and little Napoleon was at rest.

Fourteen years later the writer passed through

Meaux to attend the dedication of the Y.D. church at Belleau and visit the last resting-place of his comrades of another army, who fell in the Great War, in the American cemetery close by, that someone said was "so peacefully beautiful." And not until now do his fellow pilgrims know why he left the bus at Meaux and rejoined them later at Belleau. He found the cemetery with difficulty as the town had changed much since war days. The custodian led him to a grave over which a marble slab was erected. On it is carved the American and French flags with the motto of the Foreign Legion, "Honor, Fidelity and Discipline," with the words underneath, "To our little Napoleon, from his grateful American friends. May he sleep in Peace."

FATHER FARRELL

The following beautifully told story of Father FARRELL is from the world-famous pen of Arthur G. Staples, Editor of the Lewiston Journal, and is part of a longer article which appeared in that paper before the good padre passed beyond. Would that we could print it in its entirety: it seems little short of mutilation to take but a part of it like this. Mr. Staples who has letters of praise and appreciation from the country's great men of a whole generation for his "Talks" in the Lewiston Journal, has refused New York city editorial positions time and again, prefers to remain a "small town editor." But the field of his sympathies and the sure touch of his style are those of a great journalist.

(By kind permission Arthur G. Staples)

I would make no apologies, ask nobody's permission for my friendship for this real MAN, did I possess it. He's yet young. He has the dramatic gift, the tiny brogue, the sweet voice. But he has SEEN things—Death, Life, Service, wounds, stripes, even as Paul. Friends—to revert to commoner things—we cannot VOTE that out. And God help us if we forget that when the Great War came, we did not ask "What Church?" And we must not forget that all were of ONE church under the poppies of France.

The end came to one chap in the company to which Father Farrell was then attached. It was not Shadow McCormick—that is another wonderful story—but he might be known to some of the service-boys hereabout, at that. The "end" I mean so far as patience of his officers went. He broke faith time and again. Discipline, punishment, imprisonment, oft-repeated, had no effect. Finally the end came; he was to get the general court-martial and that would be curtains for him.

In daily happenings the case came to the attention of Father Farrell and he would like to save the chap if he could, that is the way with Father Farrell. If you think I am fooling you ask one of the boys. He would try to save a yellow dog.

The C. O. said it was of no use whatever. Father Farrell thought it might be of use. Never too late to mend, etc. "Gimme a chance," pleaded Father Farrell, "I have a grand idea." And maybe Father Farrell, at that moment, had not a thought in his head, except hope. "All right," said the C. O. "If you say so, I'll turn him over to you." And the upshot was a promise by the C. O. that if Father Farrell said that the man have another chance—why, another chance it was to be—under the Father's direction. THAT'S what a C. O. thought of this little priest.

Well, now—in comes the lad, all downcast; hangdog, hating the world, bitter against officers, mad as hell, so to speak.

"Sit down, me la-a-d," says the little Father as he sits writing at his desk in his quarters. "It's a very good idea," said he to me, "to keep them waiting for a time. They may see more clearly thru the red mists of their anger." So, on and on, scratches the Priest's pen and fidget goes the disgraced soldier.

"Help yerself to a cig, me lad," says Father Farrell as he looked up for a second. "Against the rules, but enjoy yourself, mebbe for the last time. Be happy, me lad."

The boy looked quickly; grabbed a cigarette and lit it sullenly. And Father Farrell kept on writing. Then he finished and looked up and said, "Well! my son, do ye think we'll win this war?"

"Win this war! Win this war!" said the lad. "Wot's the matter with ye, Father, are ye weakenin'? Win this war! Say, there ain't no German, nor no combine of nations in this world that can lick the American army."

"IS that so? IS that so?" said Father Farrell. "Well, now, that is fine. And ye think that the American army is equal to them Huns?"

"Equal to them Huns. Say, Father, them Boche is licked from the moment we come over. The American army could lick the German and the Eyetalian and the British and all them Dago nations with one hand; that's what I think about this war."

"So-so," said Father Farrell, turning softly to his desk again as if to look up a paper or something of the sort.

Then a silence for a moment and then Father Farrell turned on this lad who so esteemed the American army, and looking him in the eye for a moment as if to fathom his soul, thundered across the room:

"And YOU THINK YOU CAN LICK THE WHOLE AMERICAN ARMY!"

The lad jumped a foot. "What's that?" said he. "Who said so?"

"Sit down," said Father Farrell, "sit down. What

have you been doing ever since you came over—but fighting the American army; fighting its discipline; fighting its rules; fighting its officers; doing everything under the sky to make it hard for this Army of which you profess to be so proud and confident. BOY! You can't lick the American Army. Can you?"

Now my story ought to stop right there; but let me say that this was as it happened. Like the vision of St. Paul on the Damascus road it was to that lad. He SAW. The scales fell from his eyes and he SAW at last.

What happened? Well, Father Farrell persuaded the lad, in spite of his doubts, that he had another chance. And once persuaded, down he flopped on his knees and promised by the soul of his mother to make good.

Did he? He graduated from that man's army a top-sergeant. Nuff said—nuff said. Better than being drummed out or whatever they do to them. Well—R-a-t-h-e-r!

A. G. S.

CUT AND DRIED

By "THE NO-MAD"

Two eminent surgeons consulted in low tones, and athletic "shorts" of a greenish hue snapped 'round a bronzed mid-section as judgment was pronounced.

"Immediate Surgical", intoned one able gentleman.

The stage was set!

Washed, shaved and showered, the bronzed torso lay inert on a white table. A parabolic arc-lamp glared down 'mid a scene of hurried, though orderly, activity. White-robed figures, each at an appointed task, moved about and were reflected in the myriad of mirrors shaping the parabola.

Even as the assistant drew his needle from the final "shot"—the scalpel was delving into "interior".

Sly eyes, peeping over a "wind-shield," followed each movement, as an eye follows the brush of an artist.

"Saw-bones" was successfully penetrating a tough but non-resisting hide.

The seat of the trouble reached—and attended to—deft fingers tied knots in the holding stitches, and lily-white hands affixed sterile dressings.

Misty clouds swept before a befuddled, unconscious gaze, while conscious bodies carefully moved the bronzed torso (now paling) into the cool of fresh sheetings and "stood-to", awaiting the return from the UN-to the CON-scious state.

Gradually, the mist clears, and the faint glimmer of lights reveals white ceiling, scrubbed walls, and a polished floor. A white-capped figure is the focal point for hazy, roving eyes.

"Can I get you anything?"—a query from the slightly rouged lips of this constant watcher.

Bronzed Torso gulps before attempting to speak.

"Ye-ye-yes," the voice rattles, rather than speaks, "a cig-ar-ette."

(Usually the request is WATER.)

Not from old Bronzed Torso, however. Army training sticks!

From a deep pocket, "White Cap" drew a cylindrical, white object, struck it between parched lips and struck a match, cupping it between hands. Hospital rules forbid smoking in bed, but with the hour well past midnight, "White Cap" was in perfect sympathy.

One puff—as if made from the hair of angels.

Second puff—a swimming sensation in the head.

Third puff—The lights go OUT!

(Old Bronzed Torso can't "take it" any more!)

It seemed hours (in reality, less than a minute) before BT came back to earth. He reached eagerly for the cigarette and puffed away unaware of the carmine tint at the end. ("White Cap" had been sneaking a drag!) Finishing, BT dunked the butt in a handy cup, and went off to the Land of Nod.

Several days later, the resumption of a more natural living brought humor out of Pathos. The Muse Hath Changed!

Gray dawn bit into the darker corners of the ward as BT opened his eyes.

"Good morning!"

"White Cap" was piling linen on a chair, preparatory to the bed-change, back-rub, early-risers routine.

"Huh!", grunted BT, "you must have stayed up all night. Do someone else first today, I want to sleep!"

"Now it won't take me a minute. Roll over and I'll rub your back."

BT (with groans equal to any modern wrestler) rolled over.

Dexterously tucking and folding sheets and blankets, "White Cap" then hurried away to retrieve the rubbing-solution, purloined by a male-nurse.

Helpless, in a side-wheel position, BT noted the approach of the "prelim" (student nurse) with breakfast. She smiled sweetly, her brown eyes flashing, set the tray on the table, and glided away to continue her service.

A wistful eye was cast at the tray! Steaming coffee and a small dish (the contents invisible from BT's position) grew colder. "White Cap" was lost somewhere in the maelstrom.

Finally, by the time the coffee resembled the waters of Hudson Bay, and the eggs shook as if with the palsy, "White Cap" returned with the solution and the baby-bath tub BT was to "ablute" therein!

As a natural progression, BT "graduated" from bed to wheel-chair patient.

Once, as an inventive juvenile, he had fashioned a "push-mobile" from odds and ends—the carriage from an abandoned perambulator. (Even in the days prior to birth-control.) At that early age, he was able to manoeuvre the machine like a pilot in "Hell's Angels". Now, in a wheel-chair, the technique was a lost art, and as a PILE-IT, would have qualified on any—FARM!

He "took off," starting a tour of the ward. (It was a DE-TOUR!)

Beds got in the right-of-way. Tables toppled over. Pans, bottles and jars went flying. Glass crashed. Nurses screamed—and strong men FAINTED! (The proverbial Bull-in-a-china-closet!)

Quite undisturbed however, BT pushed on one wheel, trying to dis-entangle a bath-robe sleeve from the other.

With rather fiery instructions from the Supervisor, BT was ordered to bed!

"You've caused enough damage", she warned, "get back in bed. I'll bring your 'cock-tail' in a few minutes."

"Super" was a grand girl. Each day she held a "cock-tail party"!

Within her quiet cubicle (where an array of bottles was not to be bettered in the Bars of Paris) she worked with meticulous care in her preparations. A dash of this—a dash of that! White, creamy substances changed, as if by magic, with an added taste of yellow or brown.

With a sigh of satisfaction, she placed each glass on a wheeled-tray and covered it with cards bearing the name of the lucky individual for whom it was intended. (No slip-ups, nor wrong mixtures here!)

Melinsky (in the next bed) received one which resembled a chocolate-milk, and—SHADES OF LOUIGI'S PARIS BAR—when Olsen (across the way) got one colored like Creme de Menthe!

BT was jealous, momentarily, 'til he discovered the cause of these two making nocturnal calls for the—NURSE!

His own special mixture worked well, too! It did confine itself to a more reasonable hour than did theirs, however. Like a clock—each night at eight—the comfort and "cover" of a white cloth screen testified to the success of the "cock-tails"!

Night again! It passed slowly, but at times there was warranted excitement.

A recently operated patient, at the end of the ward, decided to get up and walk. Craftily, in the shadows of the corridor light, he edged out of bed and attempted his little jaunt. (Three days, to the hour, he was back in the "op" room, swapping new stitches for old!)

During the excitement, one fellow with a leg "plaster-encased", beat his fifty-pound "foot" on the floor in a vain effort to attract the Nurse. Instead, he broke the cast and had to be "remodeled" the following day.

Desiring a change of atmosphere and "on-the-mend", BT looked hopefully to the daily visit of the surgeon. Disgruntled, one day he declared, "Gimme my hat and green drawers—I'm checking out!"

"Better wait a few days," answered the white-coated "CUT-UP".

BLATT'S BARGAIN BASEMENT had recently offered, "SPORTS ENSEMBLES—ALL COLORS."

Attentive ears caught the mention of Green Drawers, and "White Cap" slipped quietly away from the bed-side on some nefarious errand.

Bronzed Torso's clothes hung neatly on hangers in the Ward-closet of the Munnie Hospital. Stealthily, a hand opened the door—groped within—encountered a soft garment—and withdrew.

Some weeks later, "White Cap", with an evening "off-duty," was enjoying the Movies at the Strand. The Green Sports Ensemble set off her figure nicely as she moved from the brilliantly lighted lobby into the darkened theater. Somewhere, "en route," there came the slight snap as of a rubber band, but White Cap continued on her way, unheeding!

Shortly after, a figure rose from a seat and moved up the aisle. Walking slowly, with cautious step—a foot encountered something which threatened to ensnare both feet. Stooping, an extended hand grasped a soft, flimsy object. Curbing curiosity, BT stuffed it in an overcoat pocket, pending better light. In the lobby, he drew it from the pocket—stopped—and spouted, "What the Hell!" There in hand were HIS green shorts.

That night, undressing, "White Cap" missed something!

BT (less than a mile away) regarded the laundry-bag grinning.

"Well, I got 'em back after all", he muttered, "but they need a new puckerin' string!"

TIME OUT

Your Secretary and Editor hereby issues an ultimatum. The Convention in Concord ends on Sunday, June 18. On Monday, June 19, he proposes to shake the dust of Boston from his heels for one week. Where he is going just isn't being said. Any mail addressed to him during that week is likely to go unanswered till he gets back.

And if you want to know why, just try being a Secretary preceding and during a National Convention.

FINANCIAL

The best time to talk of the financial report of a Convention is after it is over, not before it commences. So there isn't much to say except that the financial line-up seems to be fool-proof. There seems to be no possibility that it can lose money, IF EVERY ONE OF YOU BIMBOES REGISTER! If any profit is made, not a cent goes to any individual: every penny comes to the Y.D.V.A. to carry on its regular activities.

CRITICIZES SNAP JUDGMENT

If you will go back over your files and look over your letters received which comment on your editorial efforts, I think you will find very few, exceptionally few, which knock the viewpoint from which you wrote; and I am sure that there are practically none which question the good faith of the writer. This last is, I think, the main thing. If we read the same cut-and-dried rehashing of the same side of a question month in and month out, our minds adjust themselves to this line of reasoning to such an extent that when the other side is shown to us in any form whatsoever, we are unable to appreciate the points made by the opposition, and we are prone to dismiss their whole argument and case by some bright remark of this genus—"That's a lot of horse-feathers."

And, while speaking in this fashion, our minds continue in their moronic course and place the speaker or writer of the opposition argument in a small dark corner of the cellar of our house of narrow-minded intolerance, regardless of the fact that he may be, and probably is, our intellectual superior, and that he can see things which are, as yet, invisible to us. And then we add to the above bit of constructive criticism the statement that the speaker or writer in question is insincere, basing our reasoning on the fact that we know and concede that he knows our side of the argument and we take it for granted that anyone knowing our side could never see any merits in the opposition case. So we shout, "Hypocrite. Knowing one thing to be the truth, he dares to hint that the other thing has points of truth. Editorial policy, that's all. He has to write that way to hold his job."

I have seen hints in certain of your articles that you have received criticism of this sort and it's too bad. Anyone who has followed your articles, as I have, for years, cannot help gathering the impression that no matter how mistaken the writer may have been in his first premises, his sincerity and honesty of purpose have certainly been beyond question; that, if mistakes have been made, and again that's a question we must refer to the committee of personal opinion, they have been honest mistakes; and that if proven to be mistakes, no one is quicker to rectify them, and to express appreciation of constructive criticism than the writer. I'm not trying to lead up to a loan or anything like that. I just thought that for once I'd take time to let you know what one fellow thinks about your stuff.

—"Corporal Punishment"

Y.D.V.A. HAS A NEW LIFE MEMBER

An event which occurs as seldom as the taking out of a Life Membership is NEWS. YANKEE DOINGS introduces its newest (LM), Captain BERNARD S. CARTER (LM) (103rd Inf.) of Paris, France.

REPORT OF NOMINATING COMMITTEE Y.D.V.A.

The duly appointed Nominating Committee of the Yankee Division Veterans Association submits the following candidates for election to the offices designated, at the Fourteenth Annual Convention, Concord, N.H., June 16, 17, 18, 1933:

For President: Lt. Col. WILLIAM J. BLAKE (M) (101st Inf.), Boston; Chaplain: Rev. ROYAL K. HAYES (M) (51st F.A. Brig. Hq.), Newton, Mass.; Treasurer: EDGAR A. ERLANDSON (M) (101st Engrs.), Boston; V. P. for Maine: ELTON P. WALKER (M) (103rd F.A.), Portland; V. P. for N. H.: WILLIAM J. SAYERS (M) (103rd Inf. & 52nd Inf. Brig. Hq.), Manchester; V. P. for Vermont: HARRY W. BUGBEE (M) (104th Inf.), Highgate Center; V. P. for Massachusetts: Col. EDMUND J. SLATE (M) (104th Inf.), Holyoke, Mass.; V. P. for R. I.: C. BIRD KEACH (M) (103rd F.A.), Providence; V. P. for Conn.: Capt. DANA T. LEAVENWORTH (LM) (102nd Inf.), New Haven; Vice Presidents at Large (Two to be elected): HOWARD A. SANDERSON (M) (102nd F. A.), Boston; GEORGE A. CRONIN (M) (101st Inf.), Boston.

Additional members of Nat. Executive Committee: ALFRED BECK, JR. (101st F.A.), Boston; GUY L. BEAN (M) (102nd M.G. Bn.), Amesbury, Mass.; H. GUY WATTS (LM) (104th Inf.), Boston.

Respectfully submitted: FRED T. WILSON (M) (101st F Sig. Bn.), Chm.; EDWIN J. NOYES (104th Inf.); CARLETON S. WHITNEY (M) (101st Engrs.); JOHN J. KELLY (M) (101st Inf.); CLYDE H. NORTON (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.).

THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE

MORAL?

About the best story of the past three years of topsy-turvydom in business to come to DOINGS' attention concerns two brothers in Austria.

It seems they both served in the World War. Shortly thereafter each inherited one half of a considerable fortune. One invested it conservatively in what seemed to be a sound business enterprise. The other decided to have a good time while on earth and spent the major portion of it for a plentiful supply—frequently replenished—of the wine that cheers. In fact, so they say, the quantity of assorted wines, spirits, et cetera which he consumed during the post-war years was incredible, even for an Austrian. He had a peculiar hobby however: he saved and carefully stored away, all the empty bottles.

Came the depression. The industrious brother's business went to the wall,—he to the poor-house. But by one of those strange overturns, there came a scarcity in bottles. The merry brother's supply became worth more than his original legacy. Meanwhile he had had a grand time.

The moral? Turn your own.

NO DUES, NO DOINGS!

And THIS is the time it means it. We just didn't have the heart to shut you off without the Convention Number. But this is the last one—unless—you write in like a good guy and tell us how, when, and where you feel you will be able to pay up. No man who ever writes in and asks to be kept on DOINGS' mailing list is ever taken off. That looks like taking an awful chance, but it isn't; the Y.D.V.A. has been doing it for years, and never yet has a YD man taken advantage of it to get DOINGS free. So if you're hard up, let us know, it will be confidential. But if you're not, pay up, durn ya, or NO DUES, NO DOINGS.

OTHER SEICHEPREY OBSERVANCES THROUGHOUT CONNECTICUT

In last month's number, YANKEE DOINGS told of the Seicheprey Day observances in New Haven. The following account of other ceremonies throughout Connecticut arrived too late for that issue.

April 18, 1933, was the fifteenth anniversary of the Battle of Seicheprey, in which men of the 102nd Infantry and the 101st Machine Gun Battalion, met a German force, and it was observed by Rau-Locke Post of the American Legion, Hartford, Conn., which met that evening. Members stood at attention for 30 seconds in memory of Captain ARTHUR F. LOCKE and the other Americans who fell in the fight. References were made to the Battle in the meeting, and to an article by Daniel D. Bidwell describing it, which appeared in the *Hartford Times*. RAU-LOCKE Post is named after Captain LOCKE, who was shot in a forward trench; and after Major GEORGE J. RAU, who commanded the First Battalion of the Regiment and sustained the heaviest shock in the early hours of the battle. Major Rau was killed near Epieds, north of Chateau-Thierry, July 23, following the Seicheprey engagement.

Seicheprey Day was observed by Seicheprey Post, A. L., of Bristol, Conn. It was observed by Brown-Landers Post, A. L., by references to it at a meeting of the post in East Hartford and by allusion to this observance by Commander Everett E. Pilling at the next monthly meeting of Legionnaires of Hartford County, which was held in Wethersfield April 30. It was also observed in East Hartford by talks which Daniel D. Bidwell, a war correspondent, gave by request to two classes in French in the town high school and to four grades in the grammar school of the Union District. A number of graduates of each school were in the battle. Every school in the town has an account of the battle with a map of its field in the town's "East Hartford in the World War."

The day was also informally observed by several other posts of the Legion by informal talks. It is estimated that the Legion posts in Hartford County have had first and last about 425 to 450 men who were in the fight, the leading one as both a writer and a fighter having been the late Lieutenant-Colonel EMERSON G. TAYLOR, author of "New England in France," the official history of the Twenty-sixth Division, who was for a time a member of Rau-Locke Post of Hartford.

The *Hartford Times* printed on April 18 a two-column description of the battle with a map drawn by EMERSON G. TAYLOR and with cuts of Colonel ORVILLE A. PETTY, Lieut.-Col. JOSEPH NOLAND and Major BENJAMIN I. BYRD.

RISE AND WALK

By HERBERT N. CASSON, *Ed. Efficiency Magazine, London, Eng.*

You are depressed. You think you are crippled. You are afraid of the future. You are full of fears.

You have half the gold in the world and half of the machinery and most of the automobiles and all the skyscrapers.

You have the greatest home market in the world and the largest corporations that the world has ever seen.

You are ruled more by ideas and less by tradition than any other people in the world. You have usually done what you thought you could do.

How can it be possible that a progressive nation of 120,000,000 people can be wrecked by the speculations of a little handful of fools in Wall Street?

The prices that were forced too high had to come down. To-day all the prices are too low.

There is now a golden opportunity for every man who has eyes to see it.

Dollars are now being sold for 30 cents. Practically every security in the United States is now being sold at less than its value.

The way to create a fortune is to buy from pessimists. Pay your money and take the risk.

Frick started his career by buying coke ovens in the slump of 1873. Carnegie made $300,000,000 by buying steel plants in the slumps.

Hundreds of fortunes have been made by buying from pessimists. Ye gods! what a chance there is at this moment!

In five years from now most American business men will belong to the "I Wish-I-Had-Club."

Then it will be too late to buy a dollar for thirty cents. The opportunities will be gone.

When a horse balks, the balk is in his head, not in his legs. He moves on when he thinks he will.

And when an American business man is depressed, the slump is in his head. There is nothing serious to prevent him from making money if he thinks he will.

When fear rules the will, nothing can be done, but when a man casts fear out of his mind, the world becomes his oyster.

To lose a bit of money is nothing, but to lose hope—or lose nerve and ambition—that is what makes men cripples.

This silly depression has gone on long enough. Get rid of it. It is inside of you. Rise and walk.

TO CLEAR UP ANY MISUNDERSTANDING

Owing to the change in exchange rate between the U. S. dollar and the French franc, the cost of the Verdun medal—to members of the Y.D.V.A.—now comes to 85 cents instead of 75 cents as formerly.

In the case of the French Commemorative and U.N.C. medals (both of which come together), the exchange rate increases the former price of $1.25 to members to $1.40.

In both of the above prices, no profit is made by the YD Veterans Association. It is a service performed at cost.

It seems we weren't very clear in last month's issue about the price of the several French medals which the Y.D.V.A. procures for YD men.

Here is the story, and it should be clearly understood that the prices given for MEMBERS are the actual cost of the medals plus the expense which the Y.D.V.A. has to stand to transmit the orders. It represents not a cent of profit. A service charge is charged non-members, as it is felt that there is no good reason that the same free service should be extended to non-members as that extended to those who lend their hearty support to the organization by keeping up their membership.

The prices:

	Verdun Medal	French Commemorative & U. N. C. Medal (together)	All three
MEMBERS (In good standing)	$0.85	$1.40	$2.25
NON-MEMBERS (Must be YD men)	1.35	1.90	3.00

APOLOGIES IN ADVANCE

As was announced in the May issue, this Convention Number was "put to bed" on May 23. The worst of it was however that most of you probably had scarcely received the May number by that date, and didn't have time to get any stuff in for this issue. We're sorry, but it couldn't be helped.

So if you look in vain through these pages for some article of news which you submitted for publication, the answer must be that it arrived after May 23. It seems too bad that such a short space of only a day or two intervenes between the day you receive one copy and the day that matter has to be in for the next. But the important thing was to have this number in your hands before the Convention, so we hope you'll excuse it.

Before the Midsummer Number goes to press on July 15, you'll have plenty of time to scribble down all the news you've heard and shoot it in.

NEW EXCHANGE

Volume I, Number 1 of the *Schofield News*, service paper of the Department of Hawaii, U.S. Army, makes its appearance on DOINGS' desk. DOINGS, beginning to feel like an old-timer, welcomes the infant.

NO HARD FEELIN'S

This concerns two Massachusetts state senators, one of whom was an Infantry officer, the other an enlisted man in the Engineers in France, both in the Yankee Division.

The engineer was sent up front with a load of duck-boards one night, just as the news had leaked through that the big Seicheprey attack was to start.

Said the Infantry officer in command, "Where are you going?" Replied the engineer, "Back to report to my Company." Replied the officer: "Like h- - - you are; you're going along with us, there's an enemy attack expected here any minute and we need every man we can get." "But," said the *genie*, "I was ordered to deliver these duck-boards and report back." "Never mind that," was the reply, "I'm in command here, and you'll do what I say."

Which he did. And came home, hoping some day to find "that S.O.B." of an officer.

So, up beneath the Golden Dome, where legislators legislate, and solons solo, two state senators met, and discovering they were each YD men, commenced the old, old pastime of swapping yarns, leading up inevitably to an expression of the long-harbored wish to "find that S. O. B." "Let's see," said one, "that was up to Seicheprey, wasn't it?" "Yes, but how did you know?" A few other details were described. "That's right, but how did you know?"

"Well", calmly replied the first, "I'm that S. O. B."

Was there a fight? Not at all: a grand hearty laugh, and they're the best of friends.

Y.D.V.A. NOMINATING COMMITTEE

At a regular meeting of the National Executive Committee, as prescribed by the Amended Constitution and By-Laws, the following five active members of the YD Veterans Association were appointed to serve as a Nominating Committee, to report to the Fourteenth Annual Convention, in Concord, N. H., with their selection for candidates for all offices of the Association:

Nominating Committee: FRED T. WILSON (M) (101st F. Sig. Bn.); EDWIN J. NOYES (M) (104th Inf.); JOHN J. KELLY (M) (101st Inf.); CLYDE H. NORTON (M) (102nd M.G. Bn.); CARLETON S. WHITNEY (M) (101st Engrs.).

OUR NEXT NUMBER

In accordance with the custom of past years, the next number of YANKEE DOINGS will be the Midsummer Number, combining the July and August numbers. It will go to press on July 15, and come out approximately August 1, containing the whole story of the Concord Convention.

So don't write in along about the middle of July that you haven't received a DOINGS for a heluva while. Look out for it about August 1.

COME DUES, COME NEWS

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

I get more downright "kick" out of reading YANKEE DOINGS than any other veterans' publication that I get. Keep it coming and keep it as good, but step on the tail of that 103RD INFANTRY gang for more news.

LEROY R. BRUCE (M)
(1st Lt. B Co., 103rd Inf.)

Los Angeles,
May 9

Writes CLARENCE T. MURDOCK (M) (102nd Inf.) of Apponaug, R. I.: "Things may be 'tuff' (and how!) but we must keep up the Y.D.V.A. and YANKEE DOINGS somehow; so here's my two bucks and more power to you."

DOWN THE BLUE GRASS REGION

An all-too-seldom letter from JOHNNY HYATT (M), down at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, tells us that the genial Major was less lucky than some others in the Derby. He placed a few simoleons (he doesn't say how much) on "Head Play," but as everyone knows "Brokers Tip" romped in about a half-nose ahead. Says Johnny, "It sure was a hoss-race." And he oughtta know.

He goes on to say that his regiment (he still wears the old O.D.) "is being scattered to the four winds, with the 'C.C.C.' Guess it will take about half the officers of the whole Army. Looks like the field officers, top sergeants, ladies and dogs will be all that's left to man the post."

Wants to be remembered to all.

NEXT YEAR'S CONVENTION

We've all heard of the chronic week-ender, whose principal worry through the week is to get himself invited somewhere over the week-end. That's about the position the Y.D.V.A. has been in this Spring. It has been trying to wangle an invitation for next year's Convention out of some New England city. But without much success. However, we'll talk it all over on the floor of the Convention at Concord, and see if we can't straighten it out. Strictly speaking, by vote of the Providence Convention, future convention cities cannot be decided on the floor of a convention unless written invitation has been made thirty days in advance—and it hasn't. But there'll BE a 1934 Convention, never fear.

MAINE LEGION CONVENTION

The Harold T. Andrews Post, A. L. of Portland, Maine, unites with the Department Headquarters of that State and the State Legion Convention Corporation in inviting all YD legionnaires to attend the State of Maine Legion Convention, in Portland, July 3, 4, and 5, 1933.

Registration will open on July 1.

Compliments of

WILLIAM N. ROGERS

"SHORTS"

WALTER R. MAYNE, a former lieutenant with the 26th Division (organization not stated in dispatch), was recently elected president of the St. Louis Bar Association.

Major M. J. "MIKE" CONNORS (102nd Inf.) has recently been appointed Motor Vehicle Commissioner for the State of Connecticut. And YD car owners continue to get the tricky "YD" series of number plates.

During the second week of May, PHIL ENGLISH (M) (102nd Inf.), of New Haven, was at the Hotel Statler in Boston, in charge of the exhibit of the New Haven Clock Co. in the New England Council exhibition.

THE (M)s THIS MONTH

This month the (M) is placed after a member's name, no matter whether he has renewed his membership for the current year or not. In the next issue, which will not appear until about August 1 (dues came due on April 1), the (M) will be dropped from the names of last year's members and appear only after the names of members in good standing.

HOUSING

This issue will reach you pretty late to do anything in advance about your "billeting" in Concord if you haven't already done so. But there is no need to grow alarmed. If, when you arrive, you have no place reserved, the Registration desk will refer you to the Housing desk where your needs will be promptly cared for.

YD MAN IN HAWAII RECEIVES PURPLE HEART

On April 27, the Order of the Purple Heart was pinned on the breast of PATRICK J. CASSIDY (M) (101st Inf.), now exchange teller of the Bishop First National Bank of Honolulu, and Department Adjutant, American Legion, Department of Hawaii.

TAPS

ANDREW SIMON, formerly of I Co., 102nd Infantry, of Haverhill, Mass., died on March 9, 1933. His widow, to whom the YD Veterans Association extends its sympathy, writes that his last words were: "Tell my comrades I am glad and happy to be going to rest with the other brave brothers who died in France." At the time of his death, Mr. SIMON was a member of the YD Veterans Association.

WARREN S. LATHE, formerly of M Co., 103rd Infantry, died in Georgia about May 1.

IN SUPPORT POSITION

YD AUXILIARY—BOSTON

The Annual Memorial Service was held Wednesday evening May 10th, with all officers dressed in white. A white carnation was placed on the open Bible by "Mother Buswell" for each deceased member as her name was read by the secretary. Also for General Clarence R. Edwards, and in memory of the boys of the Yankee Division, who paid the supreme sacrifice, also in memory of the four Chaplains who have passed away. The service was one long to be remembered by those who attended. Solos were rendered by Miss Catherine Wilson. At the close of the meeting Mother Buswell was welcomed and asked to tell of her trip to Florida, which was of great interest to all.

By the way, if anyone would like a few points on playing golf, just call on "Mother Buswell".

Several members who had not been attending the meetings were welcomed by the President, Mrs. Adele Hendrickson, and asked to try and make a special effort to attend the meetings whenever possible. Refreshments were served by the Social Committee.

A Penny Sale was held at the home of Miss Mary Furey, 125 Lonsdale St., Dorchester, Tuesday, May 23, at 8 P. M.

Regular sewing meeting was held Wednesday, May 24, at 15 Spaulding St., Dorchester, the home of the President.

Monday, June 12th, a luncheon and whist will be held at the "Homecraft," 711 Boylston St. Tickets, 35c, may be purchased from Mrs. Curtin, chairman.

Tuesday, June 27, whist will be played after a trip through "Moxieland", Roxbury. Mrs. Bertha Kenney, chairman, will be glad to sell you a ticket.

If you are a member and cannot come to the meetings, won't you please come to our social affairs and see for yourself just what you are missing by not taking an active part in your YD Auxiliary.

Dues are overdue; won't you please send same to your secretary as she does not want to drop your name from our books. This is the last call for them so please be prompt. Send them to Mrs. Leonard Snape, 312 Warren St., Roxbury (Secretary).

—Mrs. Leonard Snape
Publicity

AMONG THE YD CLUBS AND CHAPTERS

MEETING DATES

YD Veterans Association: Annual Convention, Concord, N.H., June 16, 17, and 18.

YD Club of Boston: Monthly smokers; dates announced in mail notice to all members.

YD Club of Springfield: G.A.R. Hall, Springfield; 1st & 3rd Mondays.

California Chapter, Y.D.V.A.: Patriotic Hall, Los Angeles; 1st & Third Wednesdays.

YD Club of Portland: No regular dates.

YD Club of Washington: Information missing.

YD Club of Lynn: Father Matthews Hall, Summer St., Lynn; Every Tuesday.

YD Club of Manchester: Next meeting—June 14.

YD Post, 290, A.L., Boston: YD Club of Boston, 2nd & 4th Mondays.

YD Post, A.L., Providence: Information missing.

YD Post, V.F.W., Providence: 2nd and 4th Tues.

C.R. Edwards Post, V.F.W., Washington, D.C.: 1st and 3rd Wed.

YD Post, 130, A.L., New Haven: Goffe Street Armory, New Haven, 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

Auxiliary, YD Club of Boston: YD Clubhouse, 2nd Wednesday.

Auxiliary, YD Club of Springfield: Hotel Bridgway, Springfield, 2nd Thursday.

Auxiliary, YD Post, 290, A.L.: YD Clubhouse, 1st Thursday.

104th Infantry: Apremont Day, Milford, Mass.: April 28, 29.

101st F. Sig. Bn.: YD Club of Boston, 1st Tuesday of each month.

Regimental, battalion, company or battery reunions will be announced here if information is received sufficiently in advance.

YD CLUB OF BOSTON (CH)

Among the Clubs and Chapters of the YD Veterans Association, the YD Club of Boston holds a peculiar place. In fact, the Boston Club is something more than just a chapter of the Association. It is that, to be sure, but it is something above and beyond that.

To begin with, the YD Club of Boston antedates the Y.D.V.A. When we first came home, a campaign was started to raise money for a YD Memorial Clubhouse—not to the YD men of Boston—but to ALL YD men. This campaign was successful, and resulted in the ownership of the Memorial Clubhouse.

Without that initial and all-important step, it is doubtful if there would ever have been a YD

Veterans Association. With something tangible—a home—a memorial—a Clubhouse—assured, there was a nucleus upon which to build. It was only after the Memorial Clubhouse was practically assured that a Veterans Association was thought of, to be composed of chapters, and to have its headquarters in the Boston Clubhouse. The YD Club of Boston became such a chapter.

Thus, strangely enough, it is both the father and the son of the Y.D.V.A.

In the past two or three years, during the surprising growth or re-birth of new chapters, attention has perhaps been unduly focussed on the younger children, as is apt to be the case in any family. But through it all, and even more especially during the years when it was practically the only chapter, the YD Club of Boston has been the heart and back-bone of the YD Veterans Association. In their common endeavors to keep the tradition of the Yankee Division alive, they have worked shoulder to shoulder, and been practically synonymous. If one or the other was in tough straits, the other helped out, like blood brothers.

As evidence of the relation that exists, the office equipment is owned jointly, or rather part of it, by each organization. Y.D.V.A. members from distant points are always welcome visitors to the Club, each tries to boost the other's membership.

Even as the Boston Club is the heart of the Association, the heart of the Boston Club is its manager, Bill Snyder (M). Faithful to a religious degree, Presidents may come and go, but there stands Bill, something eternal. As easy to imagine the Y.D.V.A. without any Boston Club as to imagine the YD Club of Boston without Bill Snyder (M).

Fort Devens Day

There seems to be some question this year, because of government economy, whether the 26th Division, M.N.G., will be ordered to Fort Devens for their annual tour of duty. If there is a camp, the usual YD Club "Fort Devens Day" will be carried out as usual. More than that cannot be said here, but if it is "on" you will get your notice, in July, by mail.

May Smoker

The regular May Smoker was held in the Clubhouse on the evening of the 25th, and in spite of the warm weather the hall was comfortably filled.

The guest speaker of the evening was Mr. Floyd A. Ramsdell, who illustrated and explained how many of the optical illusions of the cinema screen are effected, including such shots as flesh fading away from a reclining figure leaving a skeleton to show results of posture on the spinal column, "faked" automobile accidents, a girl arising from a jar of face cream, the beating of a rabbit's heart, slow action of the motion of an automobile valve stem. The talk and pictures were intensely interesting.

To show that movie men are not the only ones equipped with a bag of tricks, Bill Snyder (M), during one of the "lights-out" periods, substituted a foaming stein of 3.2 for the water pitcher on the speaker's table. During the next dark spot, Mr. Ramsdell reciprocated with the trick of making it disappear. (Not the stein, merely the contents.)

Pres. Bill Brown (LM) and Secretary Phil Sanborn (M) of the YD Veterans Association told in detail the final plans for the Concord Convention, and asked all to be present at the Club on Friday morning, June 16, at 9:30 to go up with the motor convoy.

Following the meeting, the "new deal" refreshments of sandwiches, cheese, pretzels and plenty of beer were served.

YD CLUB OF SPRINGFIELD

The raid of the 104th Vets on Milford, Mass., is now a thing of the past, but it was a raid long to be remembered by most of the boys of this YD Club, which was well represented. More than ever this writer found the spirit to carry on every year, depression or anything else regardless. Old hoss Mike Ford (M) was there. Said he walked over from Franklin. The names of the members who were there are too numerous to mention. Everybody sure had one swell time.

The Springfield YD Club is moving along in good shape. We are at work raising funds through the medium of the Capitol Theatre and expect very good results from that source. This job is being taken care of by a committee headed by Roswell Patch (M). Also we have a membership committee of five, headed by Henry Roux (M), hard at work, and they are going to show results.

We would gladly have any of the members whose dues have run out attend our meetings because we not only want new members but more than ever we want to retain our old ones. If a comrade is financially embarrassed, which at present most everybody is, we have formed a plan whereby the payment of dues can be eased along a little. Members continuing to receive Doings might pass this copy along to any comrade eligible for membership in the Springfield YD Club (CH).

Plans are in the making for some more of those very good outings that we had last summer. We have a committee now at work for an outing to be held on a Sunday early in June. Needless to say, the more we have at these picnics, especially children, the more successful they will be. During the past winter months a pinochle club has been in progress. Play has been suspended for the coming summer months. According to the latest figures Roswell Patch (M) is the champion with Bill Bolack (M) trailing in the rear.

During the last two meetings we have had the pleasure of having our judge advocate, Anthony Sannella (M), with us. Welcome to the fold, Anthony.

Monday, May 15, the Club had a joint meeting with its Auxiliary. In short, it went on record as a pre-convention meeting. It was called to further plans for the convention at Concord. From all reports this club will be well represented at that great event. At this meeting we had a number of speakers, among them MARCEL LADOUCEUR (M), newly elected commander of the 104th A.E.F. Vets Ass'n. Also short talks by Past President ANDREW BIRNIE (M) and President Jean Lowe of the Auxiliary. We had to cut the meeting rather short to allow time for entertainment which took up two hours. The high-light of this entertainment was four reels of moving pictures, showing the present 104th Inf. in camp at Fort Devens during the last summer, shown through the courtesy of Capt. Dunham and Lieut. Sullivan of the present 104th Inf.

Our next meeting is on Monday, June 5, and if we don't see you then we surely hope to see you at Concord.

—B. E. J. (M)

CALIFORNIA CHAPTER (CH)

FRANK E. MEREDITH (M) (101st Inf.), California Chapter's representative at the Concord Convention, paid a visit recently to National Headquarters and to the YD Club of Boston, to renew old acquaintances and talk over his assignment at the Convention, where he will report on the activities of the Los Angeles group. He was the center of an interested group while he related his experiences during the California earthquake.

The chapter recently went on record as endorsing the Portland Convention resolution calling for the War Department to name one of the gates of Arlington National Cemetery in memory of General EDWARDS.

On April 29, a bunch of the 104th Infantry gathered at the home of President JOHN FOX (M) to celebrate Apremont Day and a swell time was had by all. The mess line formed at 6:00 after chow call was blown by John Fox, Jr., age 11, who, it appears, is going to be a better bugler than his old man. The variety and quantity of the grub was entirely different from that dispensed by the company belly-robbers of the old YD, and there were seconds on everything.

After the meal, the party adjourned to the living room to witness several reels of action pictures, and, following them, sat around smoking Fox's choice cigars and fighting the war over again.

At twelve o'clock a toast to the Flaming Torch was drunk and the party broke up to meet again on the same date next year. Those present were:—ARCHIE BRADLEY (M) (A Co.), JOE DAINEY, ANDREW BAZAR, JOHN FOX (M), GEORGE JOHNSON and C. W. DULANEY of D Co., CHARLIE OLSON, (G Co.), BILL REID (M) (H Co.), ERNIE DEMERS and FRED MONTGOMERY (M) (K Co.), JIM RIPLEY (M) (M.G. Co.) and GEORGE MITCHELL (M).

On May 3, the Chapter met with the new President, JOHN FOX (M), in the chair and a lively meeting resulted when some of the boys conspired to try out his parliamentarian ability. Col. David L'Esperance of the 93rd Division was a visitor and told us about a new national organization composed exclusively of combat veterans of which he is Adjutant General and Dean Warner of the Rainbow Division is Commander-in-Chief.

Our meeting on May 17 was thought by many to be the best one yet, with the 104th Infantry again in the foreground sponsoring the feed and entertainment. About sixty showed up for the Bean Supper, which was as good as usual and put on by the same efficient committee, PETE DRESSER (M), Mr. & Mrs. JIM RIPLEY (M) and FRED GARRETT.

The entertainment was all "big league" caliber, consisting of cornet solos by a master musician, Joe Colling of the Hollywood American Legion Post Band, songs by the Orpheus Four, a quartet twenty-nine years nationally famous (and how they did harmonize), cowboy ditties and old time favorites by the Emery Park Hill-Billies, piano and musical saw selections by Ray Bush and Bill Sorenson which had the gang yelling for more, and then a fine address on the interesting subject of "Money" by Prof. Myerick of the Hollywood High School. It was a dandy meeting and the kind that President Fox intends to have every month.

—G. K. M. (M)
Secretary

YD CLUB OF LYNN (CH)

The YD Club of Lynn (CH) held a successful Penny Sale on Tuesday, April 25, at the Club headquarters in Father Matthews Hall. The sale was conducted by the Ladies' Auxiliary, assisted by members of the Club, including EDDIE DEE (M), TOM CURRAN (M), HUGH O'REGAN (M), WALTER HURD (M), RAY DOUCETTE (M), and JOHN SULLIVAN (M).

The Drill Team, under the direction of Captain HAROLD "DOC" CROWELL (M), is coming along great and expects to make a fine showing in Concord.

—A.R.D. (M)

YD CLUB OF CONCORD (CH)

The YD Club of Concord (CH) held a meeting Thursday evening, May 4, at the Passaconaway Club. The regular April meeting had to be postponed on account of a two-foot snowstorm, but this one was as good as two meetings.

An enthusiastic crowd enjoyed a long evening of talking over old times and laying plans for future good times.

A committee was appointed to formulate plans for the Concord Chapter's participation in the National Convention to be held in Concord this June.

Capt. NORMAN ANDREWS (M) showed the motion pictures of the N. G. encampment at Rye Beach, N.H. The sight of pup tents, mess lines, pay day, etc., causing many comments from the "old soldiers." The modern equipment of anti-aircraft batteries, searchlights and anti-aircraft machine guns proved very interesting to everybody.

Coffee and doughnuts and some more "remember when" talk finally wound up a great evening.

A very successful meeting of the Concord Chapter, Y.D.V.A., was held at the Veterans of Foreign Wars rooms, Thursday night, May 18.

A committee consisting of J. JORGENSON (M), chairman; NORMAN ANDREWS (M), ANDREW SALTMARSH (M), and IRWIN YOUNG (M), rendered a report regarding the Chapter's participation in the Convention parade.

A motion was introduced by ANDREW SALTMARSH (M) and unanimously carried that, "Any action in regard to entertainment or reception by Concord Chapter Y.D.V.A. during the convention, June 16, 17 & 18, shall require the endorsement of the Chapter at a called meeting."

It was decided that the next meeting be held Thursday, June 1, at a place to be announced later.

—R. M. BARTLETT (M)
Secretary

CHICAGO YD CLUB

A bunch of the boys from the old 26th Division got together for supper and a meeting at the Illinois Athletic Club on Tuesday, May 23.

We are considering forming a Chicago Chapter of the Yankee Division Veterans Association. There are chapters in many other cities, even one in California. The parent body in Boston is a live one.

Supper was at 6.30 P. M., followed by a meeting at 8.00 P. M.

More details next issue.

—W. D. C. (M)

YD CLUB OF NASHUA

The National Executive Committee of the Y.D. V.A. has received an application for recognition as a Chapter, from the YD Club of Nashua, N. H. There is every reason to believe that this will be acted upon favorably and the charter presented at the Concord Convention.

The temporary officers include GEORGE M. FRENCH (M), President; HARRY J. S. AINSCOW (M), Secretary.

YD CLUB OF MANCHESTER (CH)

The regular monthly meeting of the YD Club of Manchester (CH) was held on Wednesday evening, May 24. As this issue of DOINGS goes to press on the 23rd, it is impossible to give a detailed account of the meeting here, but one of the features that President BILL SAYERS (M) expected to present was a showing of pictures of the YD Pilgrimage Trip of 1929, taken by C. BIRD KEACH (M) and CLYDE FREEMAN (M) of Providence.

The next meeting will be held on June 14, just two days before the opening of the National Convention in Concord. At this meeting, it is expected that Past President BILL BLAKE (M) of the YD Club of Boston (and candidate for the Presidency of the Y.D.V.A.) will be the principal speaker.

CENTRAL MAINE CHAPTER

And still they come! Out of a clear sky, on a day in the latter part of May, came a request from Waterville, Maine, for "all the dope" on forming a chapter of the YD Veterans Association.

The letter came from JAMES E. MCMAHON (M) (103rd Inf.) and enclosed the application blanks (AND DUES) of eight new members, which, added to those who are already in good standing in Waterville and vicinity, make up more than the ten necessary to receive a charter as an affiliated chapter.

Mr. MCMAHON (M), in his capacity as acting Secretary, is now busy getting the signatures necessary for entering the formal request, and there seems to be no doubt but that the credentials can be presented at the Concord Convention. A suggestion was made, however, by the National officers that the name "Waterville Chapter" or "YD Club of Waterville" be adopted rather than "Central Maine Chapter" in the event that perhaps some future chapter in Augusta or Skowhegan (both of which it is proposed to include in the membership territory) might contest the jurisdiction of the Central Maine Chapter over their potential membership. In general it is the aim of the Y.D.V.A. that chapters shall take the name of the city in which they hold their meetings rather than that of a larger geographical area, to minimize future possible complications.

The names of the existing members who have signified their intention of affiliating with the Waterville Chapter are: Col. JOHN G. TOWNE (LM) (101st San. Tr.), Waterville; WILLIAM GOULETT (M) (103rd Inf.), Skowhegan; WALTER G. LESSARD (M) (103rd. Inf.), Skowhegan; ERROL C. CHASE (M) (103rd Inf.), Skowhegan; RALPH C. BLUNT (M) (103rd Inf.), Waterville; and ALFRED POIRIER (M) (103rd Inf.), Waterville.

The new members (some of them renewals of previous years): CLANDIE Y. STROUT (M) (103rd Inf.), Waterville; PHILIP S. JONES (M) (101st Trench Mortar Bty.), Waterville; JOHN E. KING

(M) (103rd Inf.), Oakland; WALTER P. THORNHILL (M) (103rd Inf.), Skowhegan; CHESTER A. OLIVER (M) (103rd Inf.), Oakland; JAMES E. MCMAHON (M) (103rd Inf.), Waterville; JAMES E. HAWES (M) (103rd Inf.), Oakland; and CLOVIS JOSEPH (M) (103rd Inf.), Waterville.

Looks like we'd see a (CH) after the caption of this new, active group in the next YANKEE DOINGS.

YD CLUB OF NORWALK

The YD Club of Norwalk (Conn.), which has had an honorable and continuous existence for many years as an unaffiliated, though very active YD group (an account of their recent annual get-together appears elsewhere in this number), is considering seriously applying for a charter as an official chapter of the YD Veterans Association.

Good old BILL ADAMS (M) (102nd Amb. Co.), who, although his home is in Danbury, is one of the active sponsors of such a move, has received from Hq., Y.D.V.A., all the dope on the requirements for affiliation, and is "talking it up" to the other members of the Club.

There is a good amount of enthusiasm among the Norwalk (Noroton, Danbury) group for tying up with the National organization: in fact, of the ten necessary to make application for a charter, there are already nine active members: HENRY E. WOODS (M) (102nd Inf.), FREDERICK H. M. MILLER (M) (102nd Inf.), WILLIAM P. ADAMS (M) (102nd Amb. Co.), ARTHUR S. JOHNSON (M) (102nd Inf.), BARNEY T. CLARKE (M) (102nd Inf.), JOHN PHELAN (M) (102nd Inf.), Dr. WILLIAM P. S. KEATING (M) (102nd Inf.), SAMUEL C. POLLEY (M) (102nd Inf.), ALEXANDER J. SINSKIE (M) (102nd Inf.). These, however, represent but a small fraction of the large group which attends the affairs of the Norwalk Club, and it looks as if the Y.D.V.A.'s first official chapter in Southern New England would soon be an accomplished fact.

The above Club met in the spacious dining hall of the Fountain Inn on the Boston Post Road in Norwalk, on April 29, with more than ninety guests present, when AL HERMAN, the retiring post Commander, called upon Captain DAN STRICKLAND to offer prayers for those who lay in Flanders Field, and also for those who lay peacefully near their dear ones at home.

As Chaplain STRICKLAND spoke, all lights went out, with the exception of a spot light that shone on the large photo of the late General C. R. EDWARDS, which was banked with the National Colors and the YD Flag.

Then the distant sound of Taps. Commander HERMAN then introduced Dr. Moore as the toastmaster for the evening.

The New Haven YD Club had a delegation of twenty present, Danbury had three, and the surrounding towns had many of the boys of the 26th Division. General HAGGERTY was one of the speakers, and told his hearers of the time that he was arrested in New Hampshire, and the judge fined him $4.98, after he had opened the catalogue of a well known mail order house. He said that it was a good thing that he did not open it at the pianos. The New Haven Blues were represented by their Captain, Frank Gilhorty, who expressed his thanks to the post for their kind thoughts in inviting him. Sr. Vice Commander James Kelly, of the Norwalk American Legion, extended the greetings of his post to the YD Club officers and members and guests.

The "YD Four" rendered several selections and had to respond with many encores before they could retire.

Mr. J. RIVERS had been doing his best for the past fifteen years to make the Norwalk YD post banquet, and he was more than glad to be there.

Major Dr. KEATING (M) spoke to the boys touching upon many incidents while in France.

Post Past Commander Johnson came all the way from Dedham, Mass., to attend the banquet, and told of visiting the old home of the late General EDWARDS.

R. E. DIBBLE, of "We want Dibble" song fame, told many stories that made a hit with the guests of the evening.

At this point, AL HERMAN asked all of the new post officers to stand as he called their names, and each received a round of applause.

WILLIAM P. ADAMS (M) of Danbury told the guests how happy he was to know of a veteran who did not spread gloom, and read a poem to this "vet" (which will be found elsewhere in this number). After this he presented Past Commander AL HERMAN with the Past Commander's badge, who in turn thanked all of the members for their fine co-operation while he was in office.

Captain DAN STRICKLAND said he wished to brush aside the long-kept feeling that the Marines had no use for the 26th Div. boys, and said that there is and will always be a strong friendly feeling for the men of the 5th and 6th Marines. He then gave a graphic picture of the difference between the vet and the stay-at-home.

—W. P. A. (M)

POOR UNCLE SAM

We think we're bad off! The following figures were culled by BILL HACKETT (M) (101st F.A.) from an article in a current magazine.

Average Income per capita—1930 (first depression year):

Whole world—including U. S.	$153.00
United States (average)	657.00

Compliments of

LEE H. GRAY

MAY 22 MEETING

Chaplain Davis requested the members to take part in the Annual Memorial Day exercises at Mt. Benedict Cemetery, West Roxbury.

One new member, GEORGE J. MCDONALD (I Co., 101st Inf.), was accepted into the Post, making at present 323 paid members.

Comrade FISHER of National Convention Committee informed the members that the round trip fare to Chicago is $20.35 with a 9-day stop-over.

Commander KING (M) read a letter of appreciation from manager of Boston Emergency Relief Campaign horse show at the Boston Garden for the use of the four buglers on evening of May 6. Several letters from various Posts were read extending invitations to attend B. & D. competitions, and the dedication of American Legion Highway. These were placed on the table until the next meeting.

P. C. DUNCAN (M) moved that any contract entered into should have legal advice. So voted.

Chaplain Davis suggested that a "Past Commanders' Night" should be held in the near future, to be addressed by a good speaker, and refreshments served.

MAY 8 MEETING

Comrade HALFENSTINE (M) read the welfare officer's report, there being only one case since last meeting.

Moved by V. C. SOUSA (M) that a letter be sent to State Commander ROSE (M) to the effect that YD Post would back up his decision in regard to Crosscup-Pishon Post's unethical attitude in veterans' affairs. Motion placed on the table for next meeting.

—M. J. M.

READVILLE FIELD DAY

Under a clear sky, with a bright sun shining down and vying with the colorful uniforms of several Bugle and Drum Corps, the members and friends of the Yankee Division Post of the A. L. convened at this Readville Race track on Saturday, May 20, to enjoy their First Field Day.

The contesting Corps were Beverly, Brockton, Malden, Old Dorchester and Medford.

A large area was roped off, the spectators, seated on chairs or the grass, applauded each Corps. The prizes were awarded to Beverly, Brockton and Malden in the above named order.

At the termination of the competition, the beverage and ice cream concessions did a brisk business. Real beer seemed to take on added flavor when drunk cold under the shade of the trees. In a short time the motors on the track were tuning up and the motorcycle race was run off.

Frank Ricci, dare-devil rider from Everett, was the final victor in the five mile motorcycle race. Ricci's time was 4 minutes and 38 seconds. Bob Hanson, Lynn, second, and Irving Haner, of Everett, third.

In the auto races, Al French of Manchester and Jack Palmeara, known as the Black Devil from Auburn, Me., raced neck to neck throughout the entire race. French managed to gain the judge's decision by a slight margin.

Palmeara came back with a vengeance to win the second and final race.

The final feature of the day's competition was a special Australian pursuit race between Luke Gustason, who drove a special one Cylinder Velocette English motorcycle, and Claude Burton, who sat behind the controls of an L. B. special 175 horsepower racing car.

THE PILOT SPEAKS

By HARRY W. BUGBEE (M)

A strong voice crying in our wilderness
Of fear and fatal doubt, a voice unmoved
By timorous counsels of expediency
And freighted with authentic cadences
Of hope and lofty courage—such a voice
This day rings through the land, and borne across
The rolling seas stirs Europe's capitals.

Men breathe more freely for that dauntless tone.
A tinge of fairer green Potomac's banks
Assume beneath the skies that omens lend
Of brighter fates. A champion confessed
Of that Democracy which greatly dares
Its destined road to keep, the President
Accepts unto the full the challenge flung
By these distracted days, and to the faith
Of doughtier times recalls his countrymen.

On, then, with God and with the destined man
His providence has raised and doubly spared
To meet this baffling hour! Let not distrust
Nor dull tradition, nor fear-fettered hearts,
Nor envy, nor supine conformity
To ways outworn, nor wastrel hate withhold

Our utmost effort. Brighter gleams the goal
Against these tragic skies. The ship of state,
Storm-racked and wave-beset, lifts, trebly dear,
Its gallant masts above us. Steadying now,
Beneath his hand whose eyes pierce through the night
And glimpse the dawn, it sets its stalwart prow
Into the tempest; and to its bright wake
The troubled world shall turn and find its way.

Highgate, Vermont,
March 4.

THE MAN OF CHEER

By William P. Adams (M)

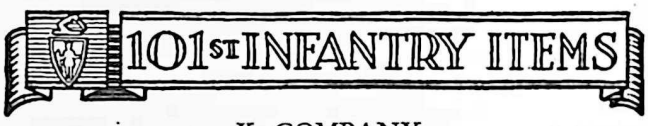
He dropped in my office
With a grin on his face,
He talked about the weather
And the college football race,
He asked about the family
And told the latest joke,
But he never mentioned anyone
Who's suddenly gone broke.

I thought it rather curious
When he had come and gone,
He must have had some tales of woe,
But didn't pass them on.

For nowadays it seems to me
That every man I meet
Has something new in misery
And moaning to repeat.

So I wrote these lines for him
Who had his share of woe,
But still could talk of other things
And let his troubles go.
I was happier for his visit—
In a world that's sick with doubt,
'Twas good to meet a man
Who wasn't spreading gloom about.

Danbury, Ct.



K COMPANY

We have a new moniker for Jim Duane (M). It is "Go-getter par excellence." Why? Because of the one thousand simoleons which the Town of Framingham has put on the line for our next regimental reunion in September. Jim asked and received this appropriation from the town fathers of our regimental birthplace a little while ago.

"Bert" Lane, the genial Lieutenant of the 1st Platoon, is now a visitor for the Soldiers Relief Department, City of Boston. He's the same regular old Bert.

We have heard that Howard Cummings, former "Looey," has been notified that his Officers Retirement would be affirmed and continued for life, under the new regulations. You fellows who know what a smashing-up "Howey" got will realize that a man has to be nearly dead to get a break under the "new deal." We do not mean that "Howey" is nearly dead, or anything like it, we know he is still the indomitable "plugger;" but if anybody was disabled in the *guerre*, it was "Howey."

Joe Casey, our old cook, is very ill in Ward 4, Boston City Hospital. Try to get over to see him, boys; a sick *hombre* always likes to see a buddy.

Tom Hannon, from Rockland, formerly a Massachusetts State Trooper, is now an Inspector of Meats for the Department of Agriculture, and is attached to the New York District. He visited the Club, the other evening, met up with a couple of "K" boys, who just happened to be around, and a merry time was had by all.

Rumor has it that "Del" Bresnahan was put in charge of the "3.2" at a Legion meeting in Hingham recently—before the meeting . . . . ahem!—What happened? Well, your guess is good as mine.

The Clinton members are asking why the South Shore Unit does not have a "Shindig," and entertain the regimental council, as their unit has done twice, not to mention the successful reunion in 1931. Let's go, fellow clamdiggers, and sound assembly at Hingham or Rockland, Hull or Weymouth, soon.

Jim Noonan is an active member of the Hingham Legion Post, and together with Jim Ramsay (M),

and GEORGE MACKENZIE, plays in the Drum Corps of the organization, which, by the way, is named the Edward Ball Cole Post, No. 120, after the gallant Major of Marines who was killed at Belleau Wood. And thereby hangs one of the dramatic tales of the War. Major Cole, perforated with enemy machine-gun bullets, lay mortally wounded. He asked for his brother Charlie. His attending buddies soon ascertained who Charlie was, and despatched a motorcyclist in search of him. Just before Major Cole died, his brother Charlie, Brig.-Gen. CHARLES H. COLE (LM) of the 26th Division, reached his side, and the young brother expired in the big brother's arms.

—J. A. C. (M)

103RD INFANTRY

DONALD C. METCALF (M), former Captain of Headquarters Co., has moved his family from Augusta to his cottage at Pleasant Pines on Ward Pond, for the summer.

ERNEST W. BROWN, former 1st Sergeant of Hq. Co., runs a filling station in Augusta, Me. DICK FARNUM (Hq. Co.) can be found at 99 Capitol St., Augusta.

WARREN S. LATHE, formerly of M Company, died in Georgia about May 1, said to be due to gas poisoning received in France. Surviving him are his parents, wife and two children. His home at one time was in Augusta, Maine.

CLIFFORD FREEMAN (M.G. Co.) of Augusta has received the award of the Purple Heart for wounds received in action near Chateau Thierry. JOHN E. GORMAN (M Co.) is a guard at the National Soldiers Home in Togus, Me. He also has received the Purple Heart.

HARRY W. PINKHAM (M Co.), former deputy sheriff, is selling Studebaker cars. We all wish him good luck.

Capt. JOHN W. HEALEY (M), former C.O. of old E Company, has been appointed Ass't Purchasing Agent for the State of Maine. A good man for the job.

—R. E. C. (M)

FLICKERS FROM THE 104TH

WORCESTER UNIT

There were no casualties at Milford from the ranks of the Worcester Unit. The festivities started early in the afternoon of Friday, the 28th, and were going at a merry clip until late in the evening of Saturday the 29th.

As no notes were taken for future reference, memory is a bit hazy on a complete list of the names of those attending. Needless to say all were enjoying themselves. A peek into some of the rooms where the Worcester Outfit was "billeted" (?) revealed HAROLD NUTE (M) and UNKIE doing their stuff at an improvised bar, cluttered around which were: JOHN ANDERSON, EDDIE ANDERSON, MICKEY KEEFE, GEORGE VALENTINE, with FRED FALK acting as official greeter and BOUNCER!

In a car facing the Town Hall, members of the Old Guard looked the situation over. The smiling personalities of JOHN HOPKINS, HARRY HOPKINS, GEORGE THOMPSON (M), PAUL WOOD (M), PHIL WOOD, EARLE BROWN, flashed resplendently to the eyes of admiring "flappers." LEON JONES (M) led this delegation. (How did they all fit in that car?)

GUY D'AMELIO (M), with the able assistance of Madame D'Amelio, took wonderful care of another body of troops, among them being: DAN JONES (M), H. GUY WATTS (LM), "PHONSE" RAND, DENNISON WALLACE, "The NO-MAD" (M), and several others. EDDIE MITCHELL (M) was on tap, not of the dancing variety either . . . and some *unknown* members of the *cent quartreime*. The upper floor looked like a barrack-room in the wee hours, but the noise issuing from above, while sounding like the drone of a plane on its way to a bombing party, was attributed to the UNKNOWNS.

The travel-bug which hit some of the sell-e-brants, or maybe a revival of the spirit of Galliene's Taxi Cab Army, caused an exodus to the hinterland which later necessitated a towing job for some early-rising garage man. For certification see: AL BENNETT (M), JIM LEIGH, L. "OLAF" OHRN (M) and the "moderator," AL RAND.

Concert or no, RUSS HARMON had a sympathetic ear in BILL MCBRIDE (M) (101 Sig. Bn.) as well as other "drifters" . . . . not GRIFTERS . . . . and extolled the values of lost causes . . . . what HISTORICAL DATA!!!

WENDELL TUTTLE acted as "M.P." again, but as business was dull he checked out early in the program. NORM "Nigger" HOWES couldn't sell even the ice cubes from his high-power product and GEORGE NEWMAN (M) (101 Injun-eers) was in similar difficulty, even during the PEE-RAID! . . . . RAY LEONARD (and Frau), "JIMMY" VALENTINE and some others, were on the reception committee at the Worcester Unit PC. Brother, whatta PC!

The oratorical remarks of JOE CASEY during the meeting will be a reminder of the comradeship known to exist in our outfit, and as a hint to some of the soon-to-campaign politicians, JOE CASEY is a valuable asset in stressing POINTS!

RALPH KEIRSTEAD (M) dished out some "gasoloon," and JOE VALLEY was on the receiving end. The debonnaire twins, FRITZ BARRY and BILL ESIP (M), came equipped for a deluge or a stroll. "Slickers" and canes . . . . Where were the spats, boys? "JIMMIE" RIVERS went in for elocution and got himself an assignment. He also remarked that some of the features of Montreal were missing. HENRY HOYLE

expounded the details on the regimental insignia, and "Mush" MONGUSO (M) took charge of the *runners*.

The inseparable CHARLIE WEBSTER and JAKE KESSLER (M) showed H Company the way round and RAY DIVOLL was collecting A Company men. HARRY DOANE, our treasurer, was on the job, and it don't look as if he will have any such difficulties as McKnight or Mitchell. BILLY MILWARD (M) took time out from unlocking doors but joined some investigators.

To properly chronicalize the events taking place during a 104th Reunion, it is necessary to carry along a secretary. As this was not done in Milford, to any of youse guys who don't get in print this trip, I offer regrets. Better report personally at the next one!

Reports have been rife that your correspondent was in training for the Derby, or some other event where hay-powered transportation was to be used. I deny this. My sympathy does go out to those who bet, AND *LOST*, that "the NO-MAD" (M) couldn't stay ON the fiery steed! I will admit, however, that I took a "RIDE," and it wasn't from the horse! (My fellow comrades and well-wishers (?) put me on the horse, ... SPOT).

There were several records made at this reunion, but the most outstanding accomplishment deserves recognition. JOHN HOLDEN (M) (Supply Co.) returned to his native diggings with: "Clean heart, soul, and body." With this combination and a bit of "elbow-grease," he transformed his motor into such a "polished-job" that the brother police-officers accused him of having been at a "REST CAMP" instead of at a REUNION!

Don't Hoard . . . . getta Ford . . . . meet me . . . . Concord . . . . I'll be C-N-U.

—"THE NO-MAD" (M)

SUPPLY COMPANY

On Tuesday night at "The Lodge" in North Upton, the company held their 14th Annual Meeting and Banquet. At 10:30, thirty members of the company sat down to partake of a very fine selected menu, of lobster or chicken.

After a delightful meal, all present retired from the dining room to a spacious rest room, for the purpose of holding a business meeting, election of officers, etc. Commander TOM BRASSIL (M) of the Regiment, accompanied by Adjutant L. A. WAGNER (M) and general chairman CHARLES GOUCHER (M), visited the company while in session and delivered a short address.

JOHN MEFFEN (M) was not present at the Lodge, but did parade Saturday with the company. We regret to learn of the death of John's father a few days before the reunion, and the members of the company extend their deepest sympathy in his great loss.

At the banquet we were entertained by ten members of the Metropolitan Fireman's Post Band, A.L., with music. These fellows sure did pep things up all night long from 10:30 P.M. to 6:30 A.M. Many thanks to Commander EVANS of the Supply Co. for obtaining them for our banquet, also for the fine turnout of 50 members of this band in the parade Saturday afternoon.

Officers of the company elected at the meeting:—Commander, JAMES J. EVANS, Everett, Mass.; Vice Commander, WALDO ELLINGWOOD, Gardner, Mass.; Sec.-Treas., PHILIP D. HOWE, Springfield, Mass. Members appointed to the executive board were P. C. HARRY BEAUDRY, Springfield, Mass.; and P. C. JOHN W. HOLDEN (M), Melrose, Mass.

Now that the 14th Annual Reunion of the 104th Inf. is over, the sails are all set for the YD Convention at Concord, N. H., June 16, 17 & 18.

I have attended every convention of the Y.D.V.A. and believe me, like the 104th, I would not miss one. Get to Concord, N. H., and you will never regret it or will you ever want to miss another YD Convention in the future. I sincerely urge every comrade on arriving in Concord to: (1) *Register;* (2) Attend meeting Saturday forenoon; and (3) Parade in afternoon. This will prove to everyone that the old YD is still carrying on, so I will be seeing you in Concord, N. H.

—JOHN W. HOLDEN (M)

HEADQUARTERS, 51st F.A. BRIGADE

The Annual Meeting of the Headquarters Detachment, 51st Field Artillery Brigade, was held at the YD Club of Boston, on Sunday, May 21.

PAUL C. BALCH (M) was elected Commander; CHARLES V. CLARK, Adjutant. Voted that the organization would meet as a unit at their proper place at the start of the parade at the YD National Convention in Concord, June 17, at 12:30 P.M. Any members desiring to join for the parade will be more than welcome. CHARLES AUGUSTUS DEVOE, 35 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Gloucester, was appointed Chairman, and will be there to greet you.

The largest and liveliest crowd yet was on hand at the May 21 meeting. The principal speaker was Lt. Col. WILLARD B. LUTHER (LM).

The next meeting will be on Sunday, October 29, at the YD Club of Boston.

CHARLES V. CLARK
7 Riverview Ave.
Danvers, Mass.

PAUL C. BALCH (M)
150 Causeway St.
Boston

BATTERY A

"Battery A" points with pride to the fact that on June 25 it will hold its fifteenth consecutive Annual Outing. While the secluded spot customarily desired for this brawl has not yet been chosen, cards will shortly be sent out indicating the selection made by the committee, comprising BIRD KEACH (M),

RAYMER B. WEEDEN (M) and CLYDE FREEMAN (M).

The committee is bending every possible effort to the end that this reunion—the fifteenth—shall be recorded in the Secretary's records as the most successful and eventful affair yet held.

The regular May Meeting of Battery A, 103rd F.A. Veterans Association, was held at the Dreyfus Dugout in Providence, on May 17. There is no denying the fact that this was one of the largest attended and most enthusiastic meetings held in many a day. Men from as far west as Danielson, Conn., attended, while the southern part of the State was represented by those fine soldiers "DOC" SAWYER, FRED KENNEDY and "BIG" MCCARTHY.

The annual election of officers brought the following results after a very heated contest:—

President, CLYDE FREEMAN (M); Vice-President, C. BIRD KEACH (M); Sec. & Treas., JULIUS A. SAACKE; Executive Committee, H. R. BARKER (M), PAUL B. METCALF, W. T. MULCAHEY (M), WILLIAM MURPHY, WILLIAM ANDREWS, JOHN SAWYER, F. A. MCKENNA (M), HECTOR FLEMMING, CARLOS G. WRIGHT (M), "RUNX" WEEDEN (M), CARROLL ADAMS.

CHAUNCEY T. LANGDON came on from Philadelphia and gave an illuminating discourse, lasting the better part of the night, on the functions of a Commercial Agent in the Department of Commerce.

Motion pictures taken at previous outings were shown on the silver screen and enthusiastically received by the audience which crowded the vast arena to its outermost rim. For hours the old veterans of the A.E.F. were regaled with laughter at the scene depicting the "Dance of the Gin Nymphs" which was so beautifully acted several years ago at Peleg Francis Farm by a small group of members clad in shimmery bare skins.

Following the singing of America, Auld Lang Syne, and several other of the well known war songs, the men filed slowly through the portals and staggered homeward.

HECTOR "COW" FLEMMING represents himself as being the only man in the A.E.F. to go through the war wearing suspenders.

102ND M.G. BATTALION

A COMPANY

Our sincerest sympathy goes to THOMAS ROGER COVEY (M) in the recent loss of his Mother in Maryland, the family home.

WALTER WHEELER (M) appeared at the Middlesex County A. L. meeting at Weston recently, where he represented the Shirley Post. Bunny is still Town Collector and although greatly improved in health from a few years ago is hardly in the best of condition.

Many "A" lads are making plans to be present in Concord at the Y.D.V.A. Convention. Although GEORGE BENTLEY (M) has his "Yankee D" afloat, it wont be a center of attraction as at Portland. Just as well for a couple of the boys who were not sailors first class.

Big MAX RALPH GEORGE, who is trying to untangle the Medford Trust affairs, has moved from Malden to Melrose—421 E. Foster Street is the billet number.

JOE BOWENS of Louisiana, who is in the Real Estate business (if any, thinks BUCK FREEMAN) (M), suggests that the foreign debts be paid. We'll let "Between Ourselves" answer that one. (Ed. Phil, that's a compliment, not an assignment.)

Four of one-time Lieutenants responded to the last reunion notice—RALPH SWARTING in St. Louis, RALPH HARSHMAN in Columbus, HARRIS BREARLEY in Florida (at least his family replied), and EDDIE JACKSON of Pasadena. We trust that when some of our long-since strangers appear at reunions, they'll make themselves known.

ARTHUR SMITH, one of the few ex-cavalrymen, still a cavalryman, has moved from Lynn to Lindbergh Rd., Marblehead.

JOHN R. SANBORN spends several days a week seeing that the Army & Navy Club of Boston is properly run.

JOE COBURN of Lynn, National Lancer, one-time one-striper (we were another onc't), newspaper man, reports CLYDE EASTMAN back East again. In contrast to his army notorious misfits, he was a fashion plate and a lecturer the last time we met.

ELLIS KISSINGER has moved from Wisconsin to Detroit Lakes, Minn. Maybe it's only a short walk, maybe not.

MIAH SWEENEY of Jersey City reports being out of work for many months as does many another. Mike appeared at a Vermont reunion; will never miss another when funds permit.

—A. C. H. (M)

ENGINEER ENTRIES

CAPERS OF C

SID WHITAKER (M) is now living in Lynbrook, Long Island, N. Y. Works for the Metropolitan Life, covering Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia, in the capacity of supervisor. Moved from Somerville, Mass., last July.

CHARLIE STINSON was in town for a day or two. Is married, has a fine boy of 5, and lives in Los Angeles. He has run into APPLETON, who lives out there. This is the first trace of APPLETON we've had since 1919.

STANLEY MOLLISTROM is working for the Carter's Ink people. Makes his headquarters in Kansas City and is married.

We have heard recently from FRED HAUBER, out in Park Rapids, Minn., and HAROLD CADRETT, up in Athol, Mass. Both are in bad shape, physically.

There will be a gathering of "C" men, Saturday night, June 17, at the Convention at Concord, N. H. Watch the bulletin boards at Concord for time, place and programme. Come, if you have to break a leg.

—C. W. H. (M)

DOINGS OF D

ATTENTION TO ORDERS

Another year has rolled by, and again we are to gather for our Annual Reunion. The place is at Concord, New Hampshire. The dates are June 16-17-18, 1933. Our headquarters is at "The Bonney Tavern," about four miles outside of Concord. Drive through Concord and take the Daniel Webster Highway (which is the main route) and the Tavern is right on the main road to Franklin.

We are all set for eats and sleeping accommodations at this place and will have the entire place to ourselves for Saturday and Sunday. If you desire to go up on Friday, we have made plans whereby you can secure rooms by letting us know beforehand.

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING AND DIGEST IT GOOD:

Due to the efforts of the committee, we have arranged a damn good time for every one and we will absolutely consider no excuse for your not being present at that time. We all know darn well that old man depression hit a lot of the boys a pretty good wallop this last year and for that reason alone we have made an extra effort to keep the cost of this reunion down as low as possible, so when you realize that we have been able to secure your sleeping quarters, a buffet lunch at noon upon your arrival, your Saturday night supper and the Big Banquet on Sunday, all for the sum of TWO BUCKS per person, this year we feel that you will do your part by being there.

There is, of course, the Convention Registration fee of $2.00 for all the Convention events.

Another message: If you are a D Comrade you will be there. There is no such thing as charity in our company when we insist that you come, broke or not. The fact is that we want YOU there and simply ask that you enter into the spirit of it all and fall in.

We want a wonderful turnout from D Co. for the parade and remind you that Legion uniforms or the O.D. uniforms will be quite in order. In fact, we will need about ten boys in O.D. for one of our stunts in the parade.

Come on and give the committee a break by sending back that reply at once.

We will leave Cadet Armory in Boston, June 17, 8 A.M. sharp. Please answer questionnaire immediately and mail at once in the enclosed envelope. NO EXCUSE EXCEPT SICKNESS SHOULD KEEP YOU AWAY.

D COMPANY ASSOCIATION
J. HOWARD YOULDEN, *President*
G. E. ST. LAURENT (M), *Secretary*

ECHOES OF E

PERCY GARLAND (M) is County Commissioner up in his neck of the woods. This is a promotion from Selectman of the town of Conway, N. H. He must know his politics and must have been good or he wouldn't have been boosted. That's no news to us as we always knew he was good!

FRED MARTIN and CHARLIE ALLEN (M), with two children each—a boy and girl in each family—with their fraus, paid a complimentary visit some weeks ago to FRANK MACKENNA and were planning a similar call on CARL GORELY in Wellesley and CARL NIELSEN of Needham. That private reunion stuff is good and ought to be encouraged, hence this publicity.

MAURICE CORKERY, who is manager of the Publix Capitol Theatre, Allston, was elected President of the Allston-Brighton Kiwanis Club for 1933. You can't keep a good man down! We haven't seen MAURICE for an age, but talk with him at rare intervals on the 'phone. Wish you could show up and see the gang, MAURICE.

FRED MCCLEMENT wrote in some time ago and said, among other things, that he and HANK DROWN (M) were planning to be with us at our "E-F" party. Hope nothing prevents them from joining us. It will be great to see them again.

CAPTAIN LANGLEY spent a lot of time last fall trying to see that any recommendations for medals for our Company were put through. The Government red tape untangles slowly, but we hope some of you birds will get your just recognition before you get gray-headed. HENRY LEBLANC received his Purple Heart medal, for one. We're glad to hear his health is a lot better.

We read in a Boston paper, so it's apparently not confidential, that OLLIE GARRETT is now drawing only $2250.00 per week, yes, we said a WEEK, down in Hollywood. He and another chap wrote the scenario of "A Farewell to Arms" which was so successfully adapted to the screen. He's a big shot out that way now. More power to him. He should have had a couple of medals.

LT. JOHN FOLEY (M) is now at 1 Marble Hill Ave., N. Y. C.

CHARLIE DODGE is Treasurer of the Boston Masonic Club. ART SMITH is Commander of the Springfield, Vermont, Post of the Legion and broadcasts each week over the local station. He was in charge of the Guard of Honor at President Coolidge's funeral at Plymouth, Vermont. FRANK A. (BABE) MURDY (M) is at 6 Adams St., Newburyport, Mass., and looks just the same as ever. This information was gleaned at the party the women of the Engineers gave the veterans of the Regiment in April. — R. M. E. (M)

FANCIES OF F

By a 10,000 mile detour, we have learned that George Kilmain (M) was, on last December 5, awarded the Order of the Purple Heart, for wounds received in action on July 24, 1918. A copy of the order was sent to us by Leon F. Denis (M) (104th Inf.) from Hawaii, having first gone out from Washington. George lives in Braintree, a scant fifteen miles from Doings office; works in Boston, less than two miles away. It took the news 10,000 miles to get here. Oh, well.

Hang the luck! The E Co.-F Co. Party at the Cadet Armory on May 27 comes just too late to get anything in here about it, which makes us short of news for another month.

Hear that at least three of "Old F" had a merry time at—or rather following—the regimental get-together in April. Just who they were and what they did for excitement is just as well kept under the hat. These wives, you know, have a nasty habit of reading Yankee Doings.

We hope that the YD Veterans Association will some day be able to get out some sort of an award for distinguished service to the Ass'n. And if it does, we nominate as the first recipient, one P.O. "Pop" Palmstrom (M). Aside from the covers, which bring Doings to your library table with a hearty laugh each month, you will see his handiwork in Concord at the Convention. He is an asset worth many dollars to the organization, and all he gets out of it is "the old oil."

Hope the merry crew that "did the town" in Portland together will be in Concord. Let's see, there was Darragh Higgins (M), Joe Ciccolo (M), Charlie McLeod, Parker Byron (M), "Monty" Montgomery, Lyman Ela, Ernest Tremont, Win Lloyd (M), Phil Sanborn (M)—and who were some of the other merry-makers who made the welkin ring up and down the main stem?

Lee Redfield (M) had occasion to let a contract for some construction work down at Wianno on the Cape recently, and in the course of conversation asked the contractor if he knew Ed Daniel (M) of Osterville. "Ought to," he observed, "he's my brother."

See you in Concord.

—P. N. S. (M)

101st TRAIN HQ. & M. P.'s

Ivor Rawding of Natick is the owner of a plumbing supply house in Wellesley, Mass. "He's still grinning."

"Hey," Dan Brennan (M) of Lowell, "Red" Donahue (M Co.) is employed at Poor's Printing Co., Babson Park, Mass. His home adress is: 16 Circular Ave., Natick. Inform Irving Loucraft that his former pal in crime and football, "Vickie" Quirk (L & Hq. Cos.) is my next door neighbor (16 Pitts St., Natick). He is the same old "half-back."

Have had several of the boys get in touch with me about holding an outing or clambake some time early in the summer. Think it over, and if we can get enough of the gang together we could set some Sunday or holiday aside for that purpose. "Who wants an excuse for a party?"

If every one of you fellows that are a member of the Y.D.V.A. would only pass your copy of Doings along to some non-member, after you are finished with it, I think that this might help to stimulate a bit more interest among these fellows, when they read about the different things pertaining to the veterans, and also give them an idea as to what has become of many of their old side-kicks. I cannot see any reason why every member of this outfit should not join the Y.D.V.A. or one of the many local chapters. It cannot be the price, for the actual cost of a membership is, "believe it or not", less than four cents a week. Sing up, you "birds", and get on the mailing list of Yankee Doings at once.

—William F. Murray (M)

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TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION MILITARY SERVICE MEDAL

"An Emblem of Distinction"

Over four million men can wear a Victory Medal. Less than 40,000 probably living to-day can wear the beautiful new Twenty-Sixth Division Military Service Medal. In appearance it is easily the equal of the Victory Medal, and it is now actually in existence and ready for delivery.

At the Concord Convention, holders of Y.D.V.A. membership cards, either up-to-date or in arrears, can purchase one of these medals. NONE WILL BE DELIVERED TO ANY OTHER YD MEN, BUT THEIR ORDER WILL BE TAKEN. It will not be sufficient as identification merely to have the word of a member: you must have a membership card or a copy of your discharge to get immediate delivery—over the counter. Otherwise your order will be taken, and after identification is submitted, the medal will be mailed to you.

The price, to members in good standing, is $1.50, representing a very, very small margin of profit. To non-members, or members in arrears, the price is $2.00. Five cents postage is charged for mail order delivery.

In each registration envelope will be an application blank for one of these medals.

In the accepted design, the top-bar, described last month, has been omitted. In its place, it is planned to have in the near future, small clasps, like the battle-clasps of the Victory Medal, upon which will be the names of the regiments or battalions of the Division. (One name on each clasp.) So that for a few cents you will be able to buy one of these, to clasp across the ribbon, and thus give the name of your regiment.

It is also planned to have the service ribbon in the same colors, to represent the medal, as is done in the case of all military decorations.

This is not a thing you will have to get in Concord. This medal will be carried by the YD Veterans Association at Boston Headquarters, and can be ordered at any time.

TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION MILITARY SERVICE MEDAL

"An Emblem of Distinction"

Secretary, Y.D.V.A.:

I am enclosing herewith the sum of....., for which please send me one Twenty-Sixth Division Military Service Medal.

ANSWER ONE OF THE FOLLOWING THREE QUESTIONS

1. I am a member of the YD Veterans Association, and my membership card is No.....
2. I was a member of the YD Veterans Association in.....and am enclosing my expired membership card. (Year)
3. I have never been a member of the YD Veterans Association, and am enclosing a certified (or photostatic) copy of my Army discharge.

REMITTANCE

Members in good standing.....$1.50
All others entitled 2.00

Plus 5 cents postage

Name: .....

Street or P.O. Box: .....

City or Town and State: .....

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YD A.E.F. Auto. Emblems (Plus 15c Post.)	2.75
YD Lapel Buttons (For Members only)	.25
YD Watch Fobs	.25
"New England in France," by Emerson G. Taylor. History of the 26th Division	3.00
101st Engineer History	5.00
102nd Field Artillery History	5.00
"Connecticut Fights"—A History of the 102nd Infantry by DANIEL W. STRICKLAND	5.00
History of C Company, 104th Infantry	3.25
Book Ends. Made of hammered brass with YD monogram in enamel. These are a real bargain at	2.75
Ash Trays. Oxidized brass. Beautifully designed.	.85
Gold Braid Chevrons for Legion Uniforms; 3 Stripes with small YD	1.25
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